THE ENGLISHMAN'S FORTNIGHT IN PARIS;

OR,

THE ART OF RUINING HIMSELF THERE IN A FEW DAYS.

BY AN OBSERVER.

Quaque ipse miserrima vidi VIRG.

Translated from the FRENCH.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DURHAM, at Charing-Cross, and G. KEARSLY, at No. 46, in Fleet-Street.

1777.

This Work may be had of the above Booksellers, printed from the Paris Edition, which was sold in that Country.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very ſingular methods which were tried by ſome people well known in this country, to ſuppreſs the original of this little piece at Paris, clearly prove the uſe it may be of to our young Gentlemen, and the Engliſh Editor thinks himſelf happy in having it in his power to co-operate with the Author in his good intentions.

It is ſeen by the books of the Lieutenant of the Police in Paris, that there are three thouſand Engliſh travellers in that capital, and we ſhould be glad to think that the moderate eſtimate of one hundred a year for the expences of each of them, making a ſum of three hundred thouſand pounds ſpent there, and loſt to this Country, was the worſt conſequence. But alas! theſe excurſions not only prove

prove ruinous to many individuals who become dupes to the Knights of Induſtry, aſſembled from all quarters at Paris, but help to corrupt the manners and morals of thoſe who remain at home by the introduction of many pernicious enervating luxuries.

Our female *Coteries*, our *Savoir-vivre*, and other clubs, that have reduced *gaming* to a ſyſtem, cannot fail to bring this nation to deſtruction; for what poſterity can be expected from a *Generation of Gamblers*, but a nation of *Dunces*.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THERE was no intention to prefix a preface to this little work, but a very unexpected accident determined us to employ a few lines in vindication of the panegyric on Shakeſpeare, which is introduced in the eighth-day.

The memory of that extraordinary genius is honoured by a tribute of endleſs encomiums:— His dramatic works have been for more than an age the ſubject of univerſal admiration in a moſt reſpectable nation, among whom the belles-lettres, and the ſciences flouriſh: yet a man of genius, to whom France has given birth, has dared to reach forth a profane and ungrateful hand to blaſt the laurels which adorn his immortal brow.

Is Mr. de Voltaire inſenſible of the ſuperiority of that honour with which candour and gratitude crown a man of celebrated genius, to that ariſing from the illuſions with which he may miſlead an infatuated vulgar? Are not his eyes good enough to ſee that ſuch a kind of enthuſiaſm can,

at beſt, only draw a party of his own times after him, which probably he may long outlive? Beſides, there is ſo great an affinity between juſtneſs of thought, elegance of expreſſion, and vigour of imagination, that whoever is poſſeſſed of the firſt of theſe gifts, is very ſeldom unprovided of the reſt:—ſurely then his ſplendid reputation could have ſuffered nothing from acknowledging Shakeſpeare to be a genius of the firſt order, and that he had been indebted to him for ſome truly valuable paſſages. A monopoliſing ſpirit leads to great meanneſſes! While we pay to the great talents of Mr. de Voltaire, the moſt ſincere, tho' at the ſame time, the moſt impartial reſpect, we cannot help blaming him for thoſe exceſſes to which we ſometimes ſee him tranſported.

Racine did not rail againſt Mr. Dacier, for having dared to tranſlate thoſe authors, who were his guides and models;—the partiſans of that poet did not call Brumoi barbarous and ſilly for having drawn a parallel between them, but we are aſſured that theſe epithets have eſcaped Mr. de Voltaire, againſt the tranſlators of Shakeſpeare. We ſhould be much pleaſed in doubting of this fact; it would be exceſſively indecent in him to domineer over opinions and ſentiments, with that deſpotic ſway he ſo much abhors in others.

It

It is a long time ſince we foretold ſome of the extravagant partiſans of that poet, that in proportion as a knowledge of Engliſh literature became extended over France, he would loſe the reputation of originality in more than one of his productions. He has ſo many, that ſuch a ſacrifice would be a meer trifle, eſpecially if he makes it with a good grace.

The celebrated writers of the age of Louis XIV. were acquainted with the Italian and Spaniſh languages, but knew as little of the Engliſh as of the Huron; yet Milton, Shakeſpeare, and Dryden, before that time, had publiſhed ſome maſter pieces of genius. Towards the middle of the age of Louis XV, Mr. de Voltaire ſtudied their language and writings, and profited by that knowledge. He was too quick-ſighted not to be ſenſible of the great advantages he had over the imitators of Lopez de Vega, and the other Spaniſh authors, &c. This remained a ſecret while the French, immerſed in prejudices, did not think of extending their views to the literary character of a people, whom they only knew at that time by their reciprocal hatred of each other.

Mr. de Voltaire has no reaſon to be offended with this diſcovery. He is not reproached with being a plagiary;—pens, like the pen of Mr. de

Voltaire, embelliſh while they imitate;—this is by no means pillaging. When we obſerve his ill-humour and invectives againſt the Engliſh poet, we ſhould be apt to imagine him either ſo very iraſcible, or ſo very aukward, as to confound theſe ideas—he expoſes himſelf by ſuch weakneſs.

Horace ventured to ſay, that even the great Homer, now and then ſlumbered;—if the cauſtical Freron were ſtill alive, he would think that he had a right to ſay that Mr. de Voltaire was doating. Heaven avert ſuch a thought, and ſave us from being guilty of ſuch a literary blaſphemy; on the contrary, let us fly to eſcape his wrath, and the ireful fury of his numerous confederacy.

Let the hardy and valuable tranſlators of Shakeſpeare reproach him with, and prove to him his ſingular obligations to the Engliſh poet;—let them accuſe him of having miſſed the nobleſt flights in his imitations;—the field is fairly open to them: but let us who have not ſtrength for ſuch bold enterprizes, be ſatisfied with begging of him, for the ſake of the Engliſh nation, whom he has ſo often extravagantly praiſed; for the ſake of a few Frenchmen, who judge from their feelings, and not from the periodical decrees, which ſome journaliſts

naliſts receive by poſt from the *Pays de Gex*; and laſtly for our own ſakes, that we may be permitted to admire *Othello*, *Cæſar*, &c. &c. &c. becauſe theſe pieces paint human nature, and ſenſibly move our paſſions; an effect which criticiſm and abuſe can no more prevent, with reſpect to them, than the ſarcaſms of Mr. Clement could hinder the triumph of the Henriade.

With ſuch eminent abilities as thoſe of Mr. de Voltaire, with a reputation ſo juſtly acquired, and ſo conſtantly ſupported, a man never deceives himſelf without a hazard of miſleading others. The opinions which he has, or pretends to have adopted, gain credit and take root in the minds of other men. We have ſeen the ſerious conſequences of an error in a man of the higheſt reputation, and we chiefly venture to combat it, becauſe of his diſtinguiſhed ſuperiority.

If the unjuſt opinion which ranks Shakeſpeare with the croud of monſtrous authors who wrote in the ages of barbariſm, had eſcaped from one of thoſe feeble abortions, who periodically blot paper for the ſatisfaction of ſome people who endeavour to make them ſeem *ſomething*; we ſhould leave them to exhauſt and annihilate themſelves under their academical laurels, and talk nonſenſe

to

to humour the *Regent* who is the prop of their imbecility.

Mr. de Voltaire, equally ſenſible to praiſe and ſatire, has frequently procured fame and regard to works, which without his help had never been paid to ordinary abilities. It is a noſtrum with ſome authors, for the ſale of a book, to place in the front thoſe little epiſtles which he has never failed to write in anſwer to thoſe who proſtrate themſelves before him.

If an author continues ſteady in his worſhip, and never fails to tack his name and praiſes to every page that he publiſhes, he will find that the party, which is very numerous, will imperceptibly adopt him, and then he may preach at his eaſe. The literary pigmies whom we have been ſpeaking of, notwithſtanding their non-entity in other circumſtances, immediately became important upon their admiſſion into the confederacy.

If we endeavour to warn the public againſt what theſe echo's may repeat after the ſage of Ferney;—if we remind them of their never having poſſeſſed one original thought of their own, and that their intereſted opinions are nothing but the monſtrous produce of envy and perſonal vanity;

nity;—if we obſerve that they do not underſtand, and that they never read the ſublime and original author whom they condemn, it is not from an apprehenſion that the impreſſion made by their decree can have any extenſive influence; it is rather to convince the public more and more of the neceſſity of judging for themſelves of the works that are publiſhed, and to ſhew them how juſt that indignation is, which they begin to feel againſt that inſolent and impudent cabal, which would erect a throne for its idol, and ranging itſelf around the deſpot, form a literary inquiſition.

Perhaps this ſtroke is ſevere, but let it be remembered, that in ſtriking the blow we are only challenging a priviledge which they have made uſe of as a pretence for their uſurpations.—*the liberty of thinking*. It is fortunate that the deſtruction of letters has been prevented by want of abilities in thoſe petty tyrants, who, by laviſhing ſtupid and contemptible encomiums, have obtained warrants and paſſports from Mr. de Voltaire, whoſe vanity is ſo eaſily tickled, that it ſhould make them be inſtantly ſuſpected.

May the preſent age do him juſtice, by placing him by the ſide, or even above the greateſt known genius;

genius;—we will not oppoſe it;—it is an hommage which is due to him: but let us likewiſe do him juſtice, by always doubting, and never ſubmitting to be led either by his praiſes, or his cenſures.

There remains nothing for us to ſay to the reader, but that we ſincerely wiſh the other ſtrokes of this little piece may amuſe and correct, which was our only motive for giving it to the public. If it fails in the end propoſed, the miſtake will not be amended by lengthening this Preface.

THE

THE

Engliſhman's Fortnight, at *Paris*,

Or the ART of

Ruining HIMSELF in a few Days.

DAY THE FIRST.

My arrival at Paris.—My firſt Acquaintance in that Capital.

I AM now a ſecond time at Paris on my travels. Six years ago I made my firſt journey to that city, where I reſided only fifteeen days.

After ſpending five good years in reflecting upon the follies I committed during theſe two weeks, I have come to the reſolution of publiſhing an account of them for the inſtruction of my poor countrymen, whom I have the mortification to ſee treading in my ſteps.—After the expiration of a luſtrum, I now behold this capital with very

different eyes from thoſe with which I formerly viewed it.—I was then ſcarce eighteen, and I hope, for the ſake of my honour, that the reader will keep this circumſtance in mind during the peruſal of every line of the following moſt humble confeſſion.

In 176 . . . I ſet out from London, with the train, the equipage, and the diſpoſition of the generality of our unfledged ſtarlings, *i. e.* with a good carriage, two Engliſh footmen, a valet de chambre of Provence, * and letters of credit to a conſiderable amount, the produce of which was deſtined to defray the expences of my whole tour, which was deſigned to include ſeveral of the principal States in Europe; but unluckily I began with France, and my money only ſerved to make me be treated like an Engliſh Lord for a very ſhort time, by all the courtezans, knights of induſtry, Savoyard porters, and hangers on of all denominations in the capital.

On my arrival at Calais, I met Mr. S—. After hiring a valet to ſerve as interpreter, which is uſually done in order to ſupply the Engliſh ſervants want of ſkill in the language of the country, we took the road to Paris. Notwithſtanding the addreſs and aſſurance of my valet de cham-

* Provence valets, are remarkable for their addreſs and genius for intrigue.

bre,

bre, I enlarged my train with one of theſe people, who brought us without any accident to the Hotel of P. R. in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

This houſe had been recommended to me at Calais, by the Sieur Deſaint, as the place where all the nobility of our nation took up their reſidence, and the only *Hotel* proper for a man who travelled in a Berline, and had twelve thouſand pounds in his pocket-book.

My vanity had opened a large pair of ears, and unluckily I had every diſpoſition to become a dupe to the pomp and vogue of a ready furniſhed Hotel. The Sieur Bearn, the moſt civil and courteous of landlords, came to receive me on alighting from my carriage. From that moment he gilded the pill with a politeneſs ſo ſubmiſſive, which bore the ſtamp of ſo ſtriking diſintereſtedneſs, that I had reaſon to believe myſelf in the houſe of the moſt obliging, if not the moſt honeſt man in France. So great was my infatuation, that, like Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, I would with pleaſure, have given him a guinea for every bow he played off againſt me. They followed one another ſo rapidly, and in ſuch numbers, that he would have emptied my purſe, even ſooner than the journeyman taylor exhauſted Mr. Jourdain's.

Mine hoſt, his head bowed, his body half bent, and a flambeau in his hand, walked before me

with the moſt profound reſpect, he uſher'd me into a handſome and ſpacious apartment on the firſt floor; and after having made me remark its elegance and convenience, informed me that I ſhould pay for it no more than forty *louis-d'or* per month. To this propoſal he joined a catalogue of all the Engliſh Peers who had been content to hire it on the ſame terms, and concluded with a hint equally artful and flattering, of the gratuities he had received from his gueſts, as a teſtimony of their approbation of his ſervices; and which, at parting, they had added to a price ſo moderate as he had charged them. I was too oſtentatious, and too ignorant, to contradict the knaviſh landlord. I therefore remained in poſſeſſion of the firſt floor, and mine hoſt in a certainty of forty *louis-d'or* per month, without reckoning the ſpeculations he beforehand grounded on my kitchen, my equipage, and all the extravagancies I had every appearance of committing during my ſtay.

After paſſing the night in a deep ſleep, pleaſingly taken up with agreeable dreams, excited by a fore-taſte of the pleaſures of Paris, I was awaked by one of the two occaſional valets, added to my train by the careful foreſight of the Sieur Bearn.—This fellow informed me that Doctor *** had already been there with an intention to pay me

me his reſpects, and had enquired with the moſt tender ſollicitude after the ſtate of my health; but that he might not interrupt my ſlumbers, he had put off his viſit till noon. It was then, at moſt, only ten o'clock in the forenoon. I was not acquainted with the Doctor, and I could not eaſily gueſs how he could be intereſted for a perſon, of whoſe exiſtence he muſt have been entirely ignorant fifteen hours before. However, I reſolved to wait for a man who was ſo ready to prevent me with his politeneſs: I promiſed myſelf, perhaps, ſome advantage from his acquaintance, or, at leaſt, ſome ſallies of wit worthy that ſpirit of levity which diſtinguiſhes the nation I had come to make the firſt ſubject of my ſtudy.

I waited for him then; and during the two hours which paſſed till his return, I was peſtered by a multitude of retailers of both ſexes, mountebanks, taylors, maſters of languages, and dancing-maſters. Unbroken then to the train and uſages of the world, the only conſequence I drew from all thoſe intereſted viſits, was attaching to my perſon a ſtupid importance, which could only be the delirium of my youth and vanity:—at laſt the Doctor appeared, and came to fortify this ſentiment.

I ſhall be ſomewhat particular in my deſcription of this perſonage, becauſe he had a great ſhare in all

all the extravagancies which ſignalized my entrance into the world.

Let the reader figure to himſelf a phyſiognomy, in which is painted a mixture of effrontery that might at firſt be taken for an open aſſurance, with a ſmile, which, to a ſuperficial view, expreſſes an officious zeal, tempered with reſpect, but in which it is eaſy ſoon to diſtinguiſh the ſtupid and affected politeneſs of a ſubaltern and witleſs ſharper: a diminutive head, enveloped by two curls, as thick as an arm, and fifteen inches in length, which beginning at the eyebrows, deſcend in a circumflex direction three inches below the ears, and again join behind the pole of the neck, where they form an enormous volume;—the whole ſleeked and pomatumed in the moſt extravagant manner, and ſerving as a ſhell to a *nucleus*, which muſt be carefully ſought for in the edifice of this ample *friſure*.—It is true that this at laſt may be diſcovered, but in vain would we look into it for learning or brains.

The perriwigged head I have juſt deſcribed, is ſupported by a body, the figure of which reſembles a vine-prop, tapering towards the top, and the limbs thickening as they deſcend: the whole forming a figure of about ſeven Engliſh feet;—this machine was clothed in a ſuit, the affected taſte of which, announced, at leaſt, a Marquis.

A ſword

A ſword of exceſſive length beat againſt the parts which ought to have been occupied by the calves of his legs; his hand was large, and garniſhed at the extremity with long emaciated fingers, ridiculouſly loaded with rings of ſome value, which I have ſince been informed were preſents made him by ſome of my opulent countrymen for the ſervices he had done them;—of what nature theſe were, I ſhall have an opportunity afterwards to explain.

The jingling of twenty trinkets, announced to me from the anti-chamber, the approach of ſomething which ought to reſemble a mule, but in fact had only moral relations to the family of that animal.—Such was the Doctor's exterior.—After giving me a detail of his qualifications, and announcing himſelf as a member of the faculty, I could not help recollecting that I had been previouſly informed in England, that on my arrival in France, I would find every thing ſingular and elegant, rather than rational and profound. I made the brilliant Eſculapius ſit down, and preſented him with a diſh of tea, which I had ſtill before me, while I waited with impatience for his explaining the motive of his viſit.

The Doctor ſpoke Engliſh fluently, but his accent was not pure: I immediately concluded him to be an I***, and he ſoon let me know that

that I was not miſtaken.—After the compliments uſual on a firſt acquaintance, and ſome general offers of ſervice, he went on thus—" My Lord, " in all probability, intends to make ſome ſtay " in this capital—Noblemen of his age come " hither in ſearch of pleaſure, and they are ſel- " dom diſappointed: but it is eſſential to aſſo- " ciate with company that may be depended on; " and too much delicacy cannot be uſed in the " choice. It is likewiſe neceſſary to acquire, at " leaſt, a tincture of the language—I ſhould " think myſelf infinitely honoured could I de- " ſerve enough of his Lordſhip's confidence, to " induce him to refer himſelf to me upon theſe " matters."

After this obliging preface he entertained me with a liſt of all the noblemen and gentlemen of England, with whom he had formed a connection:—I recollected the names of many of my relations, allies, and friends.——This gave our converſation more warmth.—He then ſpoke to me of their gratitude and liberalities—He even diſplayed before me a number of jewels and portraits, which he called the precious remembrances of his dear friends—My Lord ſuch a one —Sir ſuch a one, and—Mr. ſuch a one.—Seduced by thoſe pledges of their friendſhip for him, and the warmth of his offers, I inſenſibly found

found myſelf diſpoſed to admit him into my confidence, and to regulate my conduct by his advice in the unknown country upon which I was caſt. I therefore intreated him to accept a dinner with me: To which he replied,—that he would break an important engagement in order to do me that pleaſure, and retired with an aſſurance that he would ſoon return to keep me company.

Scarce had the Doctor turned his back, when my interpreter, and the two occaſional lacqueys provided for me by the maſter of the houſe, came to ſing his praiſes in chorus. They exhauſted themſelves in encomiums on a perſon, who ſo effectually mingled the uſeful with the agreeable. All this was uttered with ſo little affectation, and ſo much addreſs, that the evidence of facts would have been neceſſary to perſuade me that the panegyriſts had *intelligence* with the *ſaint*. A young fellow of eighteen never can divine that intriguers in *ſocks* purchaſe reputation from rogues in *livery*.—The diſcourſe of this eloquent *lacquey-hood* turned, at leaſt, as much upon the parties of pleaſure the Doctor had formed, as on the cures he had wrought. It is true, the laſt were pretty frequently conſequences of the firſt.

Mean time I digeſted my breakfaſt, indolently peruſing the *Stranger's Guide*, *or*, *The Almanack*

of Paris, while Mr. Toupee was giving my head the turn *a la Francoiſe*, and exhauſting the profound art of hair-dreſſing.—This uſeful occupation took up two hours of my time, and conſumed part of that employed by the Doctor upon his viſits in the neighbourhood.

The Engliſh arrive in crouds in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and not an individual comes thither with any appearance of diſtinction who eſcapes his attention.—Luckily he never undertakes to preſcribe for any diſtempers whoſe conſequences might be mortal, and for the cure of which a great deal of medical ſkill is requiſite.—I have even obſerved, now I am forced from my prejudices in his favour, that he dextrouſly evades undertaking whatever may be of a critical or complicated nature, and confines himſelf entirely to certain diſeaſes incident to a courſe of diſſipation. His practice in theſe muſt be the more diſtinguiſhed, as he multiplies them with one hand, while he cures them with the other.

He came exactly at three.—The Sieur Bearn ſerved us up a very ſcanty dinner at an exorbitant price. The Doctor's wrath was kindled at the ſight; and with a dictatorial tone, he ſcolded much louder than I would have done. From that inſtant he erected himſelf into arbitrator in the arrangement of my œconomy. Out of gratitude

titude for the reſentment he teſtified at ſeeing me ſo ill ſerved, I thought myſelf obliged to prevent its going too far.—Doctor, ſaid I, the dinner is bad; but, to make amends, I believe we can have recourſe to ſome excellent Burgundy.—Let us ſee, cried he, all on fire, and immediately called for a glaſs of wine, which he put to his lips. —Whence comes this wine, cried he, gruffly? From *Pontac*, replied one of the occaſional lacqueys, trembling.—Deteſtable poiſon! exclaimed the Doctor, and worthy of the petty tavern where it was brewed;—then addreſſing himſelf to one of my ſervants, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and having written a few words: "Here," ſaid he, "run to I****, the king's wine-merchant, "and order him to ſend My Lord a hundred flaſks "of his beſt Pomar, till to-morrow, when I ſhall "beſpeak an aſſortment." At his voice the ſupple and obſequious lacquey diſappeared like lightning; while ignorant of the obliging phyſician's reſources and correſpondence, I was ſtruck dumb with admiration, joy and gratitude.

While he thus took in hand the reins of my domeſtic government, he was devouring what lay before him. It was not till after he had exerciſed his teeth and jaws with unremitting induſtry, that his converſation acquired new life.—He poured forth, amid a torrent of words, a liſt of

all the illuſtrious perſonages he intended to employ in my education, and the capital artiſts he propoſed to aſſemble for my ſervice, but their names were almoſt ſunk in the deluge.—The burden of every ſentence was, *Do not make yourſelf uneaſy about that*,—*I take the charge of this*,—*I anſwer for t'other*.—Then came the ſcandalous chronicle of all the intrigues carried on by *My Lords*, with the beauties of the opera:—who had one;—who had firſt brought out another,—the extravagancies committed for theſe ladies,—their brilliant accompliſhments and celebrity,—their faults, their charms, the danger of ſome of them,—a thouſand amuſing anecdotes, a thouſand ſtrokes of pleaſantry.—Theſe details enflamed my curioſity, and kept up my good humour during the remainder of my repaſt.—When we roſe from table, the Doctor aſſumed a ſerious and important air, and aſked me, My Lord, who is your banker?—"'Tis Mr. G***."—So much the worſe, I am ſorry it is not ****, That is amazing.—There are few Engliſhmen of your diſtinction and character but are recommended to him.

Beſides the ſtricteſt probity and the greateſt zeal for your affairs, a recommendation to him would have procured you connections in a houſe, rendered no leſs agreeable by the genius and talents of the maſter, than by the numerous and excellent

excellent company drawn thither by play.—'How! by play! in the houſe of a man whoſe coffers muſt be inceſſantly ſupplied by the truſt repoſed in him!'—Maxims of your clumſy, ſcrupulous country! a genius truly ſpeculative makes play a real branch of commerce.—If you pleaſe, my Lord, tell me what difference you diſcover between venturing money at *trente et quarante*, and the vague and uncertain ſpeculations in the public funds?—" But we would not much approve of a banker, the depoſitary of other men's monies, venturing the loſs of them in our funds by ruinous wagers, the profits of which would accrue only to himſelf." P'ſhaw, nothing is loſt in the houſe I am ſpeaking of; on the contrary, its maſter is continually amaſſing, and that in every method.—Your credit, continued he, is, doubtleſs, very conſiderable?—" I have bills on Paris to the amount of twelve thouſand pounds ſterling."—This indiſcretion, which proceeded at leaſt as much from vanity as from inexperience, eſſentially ſatisfied the Doctor's curioſity, and opened a career to his deſigns.—A handſome ſum, replied he eagerly, 'tis enough to purchaſe this whole capital! Very well—I'll introduce you immediately to the Baron de ——, where you will find the beſt and moſt genteel company; he is a man of diſtinguiſhed merit and ſuperior abilities,

abilities.—To them he is indebted for an immenſe fortune, and may aſpire to the firſt honours in a country which he aſtoniſhes by the novelty and the depth of his views. In his houſe you will meet with a number of people of diſtinction, ſeveral of them ſpeak your language; thus you will be able to paſs your time agreeably till the Abbé F——'s leſſons have made you capable of keeping your corner in French ſocieties. —I thanked the Doctor for ſo many good offices.

He roſe, and pulling the ſtring of the bell—I muſt, ſaid he, examine what kind of equipage the maſter of the houſe furniſhes you:—leave the care of all theſe little matters to me:—I will undertake it with pleaſure;—I will prevent your being impoſed upon.—See, added he, with an impoſing tone, to one of my ſervants, who then made his appearance; ſee, if my Lord's coach be ready; and without waiting for his anſwer, he turned to me, and cried—let us go down, 'tis ſix o'clock, we will take a turn to the opera, and from that go to the Baron de ——'s.

I embarked under the conduct of this extraordinary *Mentor*, who had thus made a ſeizure of my perſon. A very good hired coach, loaded behind with my whole train of ſervants, furniſhed with canes, by the care of the Doctor, carried us in an inſtant to the gate of the *Palais Royal*. My guide

guide made me alight, and without giving me time to obſerve the building, after having with a genteel air taken a couple of tickets from the ſpruceſt of my occaſional lacqueys, who obeyed every motion of his eye, he dragged me with precipitation into the houſe. He placed himſelf by my ſide, in one of the balconies, cloſe to the ſtage. The curtain was ſoon after drawn up, and I for the firſt time beheld that monſtrous compound of clumſy noiſy muſic, without taſte or ſpirit, and thoſe unmeaning capers which French enthuſiaſm takes and gives for the nobleſt of ſpectacles. Yielding to the irkſome wearineſs which preyed upon me, I begun running over every corner of this immenſe theatre, and at laſt caſt my eyes upon my companion.—His were employed.—I obſerved an air of intelligence between his looks, and thoſe of ſome of the divinities, who were fluttering on the ſtage. Whenever the figures of any of the *ballets* brought them within a proper diſtance, they too ſeemed to view with no little attention, my air, and the Engliſh dreſs in which I was ſtill muffled.

You ſeem to take but little pleaſure, ſaid the Doctor, in the inſipid din of this French muſic, but, added he with an expreſſive ſmile, if what paſſes on the ſtage produces the ſpleen, the adventures behind the ſcenes make ample amends.

At

At theſe words he gave me his hand, and ſtriding over the three benches between us and the paſſage, he led me to the tiring room.—I was ſoon convinced of the eſteem in which he was there held, and the judicious and natural inclination entertained by that whole ſwarm of dancers for thoſe young Engliſhmen who are making their firſt tour in France.

La — La — La —, had juſt finiſhed a dance of three; when they came off they perceived my guide, whoſe lengthened figure overtopped by two feet, a groupe of *Petits Maitres*, occupied in preſenting gold and incenſe to theſe goddeſſes. I was at his ſide; my large neckcloth, my long ſkirts, and I know not what ſtiffneſs and ſheepiſhneſs in my air, which we cannot get rid of till at leaſt a year's abſence from Oxford or Cambridge, and ſix months reſidence in Paris, all wrote on every limb,—*This is an Engliſhman.*

The Doctor's winks, which I was then too great a novice to obſerve or appreciate, aſſured the moſt intelligent, that I might carry my offerings a good way. In conſequence, the gilded troop of Marquiſes was ſoon abandoned to their deſpair, and *my Lord* ſurrounded and ogled without mercy. I did not know that the phyſician was then preparing for me the agreeable ſurprize of a ſupper with two of the handſomeſt nymphs of the

the band, who, had let fly at me moſt murdering glances, accompanied with a few words of broken Engliſh. In order better to cover this maſter-ſtroke, he made haſte to lead me off from this region of enchantment, by telling me that it was time to go to the Baron de ***'s.

In a moment we were at the gate of his hotel. The Doctor walked before me through the whole houſe with the ſame freedom and liberty as if he had been at home. After croſſing ſeveral rooms filled with ſervants in different liveries, he pointed out the Baron, who had come to receive me at the door of a firſt anti-chamber. He was a man of a grave and flegmatic mien, the ſolidity and furniture of whoſe head gave a ſyſtematic air even to his bows, and his addreſs. His voice was ſtrong and heavy, uttered with a ſlow, meaſured, and dull monotony, which gave even his ſalutation a tone of extraordinary prudence. The Baron introduced me into a ſaloon, where thro' the tumultous waves of a numerous aſſembly, and the embaraſſment of a multitude of gaming tables, I penetrated to the Baroneſs. The figure and down-caſt look of this lady, exhibited a copy of the huſband. Scarce did ſhe give herſelf time to anſwer my firſt compliment, when diſplaying a pack of cards ſhe preſſed me to take one, and ſit down to a party at whiſt, which ſeemed to wait

me there, by a decree of the deſtinies. Never had I been in a houſe where there was leſs expence in converſation, and where a man found himſelf ſo quickly ſeated between the kings of ſpades and diamonds. I ſubmitted to the cuſtom, and began a dull party with three ſtrangers; an old maid, whoſe inexhauſtible loquacity ſhewed her pretenſions; an Abbé, whoſe air of avidity and attention to the game, demonſtrated that he ſtudied play more than his breviary, and an old officer, on whoſe figure, age could not imprint the character of honeſty, — ſo plainly, was his affected ſimplicity betrayed by a knaviſh ſharping air. I played with inattention, to the great mortification of the ſuperannuated beauty who fronted me, and in ſpite of myſelf, let my eyes wander over all the parts of the room, and the different originals with which it was filled. It was the ſtrangeſt medley I ever had beheld; I was not then capable of deſcribing it exactly, as I have been ſince, when I became acquainted with the particular characters of part of the company, and verified, by woeful experience, the juſtice with which a certain wag has given this Hotel the appellation of the *Pacquet-Boat*. At this firſt inſtant, I perceived that the buſineſs of the houſe turned no leſs upon politics than play; for I ſaw a number of Engliſh pamphlets and news-papers

ſcattered

ſcattered in every corner.—However, the plumed *Sagana*,* who could reckon at leaſt fifty good years, and was unluckily my partner, was provoked at my abſence of mind; every trick my ſtupidity made her loſe, ſhe ſent forth a ſigh with which I thought her ſoul ready to expire, or uttered a ſhriek more ſhrill than the cries of our orange women in Cheapſide. I laught inwardly while I moſt humbly aſked her pardon. At laſt we came off for a few *louis-d'or* and a fit of ſuffocation, which turned her purple for three minutes.

The aſſembly was preparing to break up, when the maſter of the houſe aſked if no cavalier would be complaiſant enough to attend Mademoiſelle back to her convent. This was my diſtreſſed partner. The obliging Doctor, who had already taken poſſeſſion of every thing belonging to me, on this occaſion diſpoſed of my perſon and my carriage. I could not reſiſt the tone of ſuperiority he aſſumed, and preſenting my hand to the old lady with the leaſt ill-grace I could, we walked out of the apartment.

I perceived that ſhe was ſoftened by this piece of complaiſance, and that ſhe began to forget the blunders of my play.—On the way from the Hotel de *** to her monaſtery, I received ſome

* A ſorcereſs.—*Vide* HORACE *Epod.*

tokens of the exceſs of her indulgence, and in her favour paſſed over the enormity of her pretentions. At parting I received permiſſion to go and pay my court to her,--a compliment ſo much the more flattering, as it had not coſt me the trouble of aſking, and proved to me how preventingly complaiſant old age makes the fair.

Scarce had we again got into the carriage, when the Doctor called eagerly to the coachman to drive to the Street de Richelieu;--he whipt and we flew.

My dear friend, then ſaid my companion, ſqueezing me by the hand, I have reſolved to make you amends for all the irkſome mortifications you have been obliged to ſwallow to night, with one of the moſt amuſing evening entertainments in Paris. A man like you muſt divide his life between ſerious ſocieties and the pleaſing extravagance of what are called amuſing parties.—You are young,—you have wit and a good figure:—ſix months in this train, and you will far outſtrip the Marquis de ***, and Mr. de ***, the two moſt agreeable men in France, which will undoubtedly be greatly for the honour of England. "Indeed, my dear Doctor, you are certainly the beſt and moſt complaiſant of mankind." I was not yet habituated to the expreſſive French phraſes, ſuch as *charming and delicious*, which

which would have been more ſuitable to the occaſion. "It is very lucky for a ſtranger, continued I, to meet with ſo uncommon a friend; how obliging you are!"—Oh! my Lord, replied the Doctor with precipitation, beſides that ſuch is my diſpoſition, I ſhare in every pleaſure I can procure to my countrymen; theſe trifles never coſt me any thing.—"On the contrary it is a proof of the goodneſs of your heart," replied I.—My temper is not malignant, and I was too much blinded to give the Doctor's laſt expreſſion it's ſtrict and literal meaning.

My carriage ſtopped and we alighted. The Doctor went before me up a narrow ſtaircaſe exceſſively dark, and conducted me into a neat well-lighted anti-chamber on the firſt floor. Two ſervants out of livery, but extremely well cloathed, were there in waiting; one of them enquired my name, and upon my introducer's anſwer, the folding doors of the Saloon ſuddenly flew open. My eyes were ſtruck with a refined and voluptuous luxury, which is no where to be found except in Paris, and whoſe ſources are there opened with profuſion, eſpecially in places ſuch as that in which I then found myſelf.

The whole company conſiſted of three ladies, who with pleaſure in their looks, came to meet my guide, and received me with the moſt cordial

dial politeneſs. I immediately recollected one of them to be Mademoiſelle ***, whom the Doctor had named to me at the opera.—The ſecond was a companion,—the third ſhe called her mamma; and this lady had in fact a ſufficient age, and the matronly air ſuitable for the part ſhe played.

I perceived Mademoiſelle *** to be the reigning Sultana of the palace, and ſoon remarked that there ſubſiſted a perfect good underſtanding between the Dowager and the Doctor. They whiſpered one another in the ear, and in the mean time the old lady ſtedfaſtly ſurveyed me from under her eye-brows. As my companion ſeemed to grow warm in his diſcourſe, the harpy's ſuperannuated viſage aſſumed an air of avidity, which gave her the appearance of a maſtiff eying a bone. Mademoiſelle ***'s companion, who was leſs handſome, was named Julia: it is a piece of policy in the reigning beauties of the opera, conſtantly to couple themſelves in this manner. When ever they expect a man of conſideration (which is always meaſured by the length of his purſe) and they have formed a deſign upon him, whether he is to be accompanied by a Doctor or any other perſonage of the kind, there is always a nymph of inferior charms who falls to the lot of the 'Squire.

"Well, my Lord, ſaid La *** to me with an air

and

and tone of jocularity, how do you like Paris? Do you think the ladies handſome? You have doubtleſs already formed ſome engagement of the heart. A young and amiable nobleman like you, cannot remain a moment unengaged here." To this flattering compliment I only anſwered, *Oh! Madame point du tout* [Oh! Madam, not at all] and that with a pronunciation as laughable as it was unintelligible to French ears, accompanied with a ſtupid booby air, playing with my fingers on the corners of my hat, and ſtanding as ſtiff as a ſtake, which Sieur G*** would probably find it difficult enough to bend.—My aukward and borrowed air would have given any other woman an ill impreſſion, but the adepts of the opera love to cure us of our ſtiffneſs, and make themſelves be well paid for their time and their indulgence. Mademoiſelle *** played off againſt me fifty alluring compliments in the ſame tone, which I anſwered only by an inſipid repetition of my three monoſyllables. However, the company declared me *charming*, and, above all, remarked that my phyſiognomy indicated a great deal of wit.—They ſeemed even upon the point of complimenting me on the fine things I had ſaid, and I acknowledge, that in my fooliſh intoxication, I would have ſwallowed that with as little ſcruple as the Doctor's idle ſtories.

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The charming little rogue that had undertaken me, turning with a languiſhing air to the Doctor, ſaid with a ſigh—His Lordſhip is very amiable, but he is very cold—He is doubtleſs acquainted with the handſome ***: She is the beauty of theſe Gentlemen; they ſee no charms worthy of them but hers —I do not believe, replied the Doctor, that my Lord has the ſlighteſt idea of her; beſides he has too good eyes not to do you juſtice.—As this part of the converſation ſeemed to eſcape me, and I was ſtaring round with a fooliſh face of enquiry, the Doctor haſtened to give me the interpretation.—Indeed, added he, without flattery, there is a great difference. Mademoiſelle D. H. is both the handſomeſt creature in Paris, and the moſt free from thoſe ſentiments which often diſgrace beauty. This was ſpoken with warmth—I anſwered with equal eagerneſs: the Lady obſerved me—Speak French, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, petulantly, at the ſame time giving me a gentle tap on the knuckles. —I requeſted my interpreter to be ſo good as to teſtify to her how ſorry I was for not being able to entertain her; but at leaſt I underſtood French enough not to ſuffer any of her amiable ſallies to eſcape me. The compliment was interpreted to her in a manner ſufficient to draw upon me a multitude of others.—Well, continued ſhe with a ſprightly

a ſprightly air,—Teach me Engliſh then, and I will teach you French.—With all my heart, replied I—She darted a glance which penetrated to my very ſoul.

A man ſtill better dreſſed than thoſe I had ſeen in the anti-chamber, and whom I afterwards diſcovered to be at leaſt the *putative* father of Mademoiſelle ***, came to give notice that ſupper was on the table.—Come, my Lord, give me your hand, ſaid ſhe, and ſit by me.—Daughter, daughter, cried the matron, 'tis not pretty to make advances to gentlemen in that manner.—Mamma! replied the other, in a ſportive tone, this is my Engliſh maſter. We were now in the dining-room: a table, elegantly furniſhed, was illuminated with a dozen of wax tapers on girandoles which roſe at the four corners of a magnificent *ſur-tout*. My ſcholar, ſupinely ſeated on a ſopha, which occupied a corner of the fire, had placed me ſo near her, that I was embarraſſed and aſhamed of it, like a novice as I was.—The mamma ſate at the oppoſite ſide, and the Doctor was between her and the inferior divinity.

I was officiouſly helped to the moſt delicate bits; I was ſerved with the fineſt ſparkling wines. To one exquiſite courſe ſucceeded another, every diſh of which was equally delicious with the former.—This was ſtill heightened by a deſert in which the champagne flowed in copious ſtreams.

To crown the whole, and in order to pay court to me, I was entertained with punch; the beautiful hand of my entertainer ſqueezed the lemons:—To refuſe my glaſs was impoſſible.—Every moment added to the livelineſs and ſpirit of the converſation; but, tis eaſy to imagine how little ſhare of it I could take.—However it was all at my expence. The nymph perceived that my ſenſes began to be inflamed—it muſt be acknowledged ſhe made me hear a very pretty pipe, and ſung a tender air, in a quite different manner from what is done at the opera.

About half an hour after one in the morning we roſe from table, and after a few ſallies, the ſequel of the brilliant converſation at ſupper, the mamma propoſed a party at *vingt et un*.—I knew not what it was. Well, my Lord and I will go halves, ſaid my handſome allurer; and taking me under the arm, drew me towards a table covered with a green cloth, which was about two ſteps off. We rung for cards—the company took their places—I pulled out a purſe which might contain fourſcore louis d'ors. The play was immediately put into my hands, and I was charged with the bank, in company with my ſparkling neighbour, who with great addreſs remitted to me the care of making the advances.

If I could not command my attention before ſupper at the Baron's, the caſe was far worſe here.

here. Feet, eyes, gentle puſhes with the knees: in ſhort, every thing above and below the table, was employed to draw off my thoughts from the game.—The champagne had deprived me of one half of my ſenſes; but had they been entire, ſo many dangerous contacts would have made me loſe them a hundred times.

The conſequence was that my fourſcore louis were melted before the bank was out of my hands. Notwithſtanding my giddineſs, I perceived that three-fourths of the winnings had fallen to the ſhare of my young partner's prudent and diſcreet mamma; the other fourth was divided between my dear Doctor and the humble friend.—My partner bore her ill luck with great temper; ſhe wanted to take out ſome gold, in order to make a new bank; but a change of dreſs furniſhed an excuſe for not having her purſe about her. The Doctor, the moſt polite of mankind, to prevent her taking the trouble of getting up, handed me a rouleau of fifty louis. My Goddeſs, piqued at the inflexibility of fortune, which had ſhewn herſelf ſo inveterate an enemy to me, would deal the cards in her turn, but her luck was ſtill worſe than mine.—Her mamma's good fortune was incredible; nothing could reſiſt it, and in two rounds the Phyſician's rouleau followed my gold. They then

had the goodneſs to put off the revenge till another day, and to agree that my handſome partner and I were out of luck that evening.

During the whole time we were at cards, my fair one had been playing with a gold box, wrought in a very good taſte;—I had admired it, and teſtified the moſt eager deſire to ſee it nearer. It was put into my hands. After having examined the taſte and execution, I wanted to return it: my charming entertainer refuſed it. I inſiſted; ſhe was offended. Enchanted with ſo generous a prevention, I was going to ſignify to the Doctor that at leaſt I would make an exchange.—At that moment the lady, no leſs artful than liberal, perceived on my finger a very fine diamond, which ſhe viewed with attention while careſſing my hand.—I know not how it happened, but it naturally dropt from my finger, and fixed itſelf on her's. "Well," ſaid ſhe, with an infantine ſimplicity, "if his Lordſhip will not accept of my box, "I'll exchange it for his ring."—It was not conſiſtent with the dignity of a Peer of England to pay any attention to the prodigious difference in value between thoſe toys. Beſides the finger was ſo pretty, that in my intoxication, a ring worth fifteen hundred guineas would not have appeared to me too precious an ornament for it.—So uncommon

common a piece of liberality greatly heightened the luſtre of the merit they had before diſcovered me to be poſſeſſed of.—My fair one's eyes ſparkled with new fire, and expreſſed only love and voluptuouſneſs.—The prudent mamma choſe that moment to tell us, with a ſevere look, and a freezing tone, that we muſt part.—"Come, young folks," ſaid ſhe, "come, it is late, we have a rehearſal to-morrow at eleven, you muſt retire."—Familiarity being thus eſtabliſhed, I obtained permiſſion to take leave with a kiſs, after the Engliſh manner.—Half ſupported by my ſervants, half by my own legs, I reeled into my chariot, and returned home to bed, intoxicated with wine, enchanted with my evening's adventure, and eſcorted by the faithful Doctor, to whom, before we parted, I repaid the rouleau that had been melted at **'s.

I have ſometimes heard it ſaid, that love is a foe to ſleep: but it is not that love which is contracted in the tiring room, by the help of briſk ſparkling champagne. Such a paſſion, on the contrary, makes us forget, in the arms of Morpheus, the loſſes and follies of the evening. Accordingly, I neither thought of the diamond, nor the money I had been bubbled of. In the whole tranſactions of the day, I could only ſee the acquiſition of the handſome gold box, and

the

the happy preſages of enjoying the divine **'s favpurs.

I would have been as little affected with the loſs of my whole pocket-book.

We, poor Engliſhmen, when we come to Paris, are told that we are inexhauſtible, and we are ſtupid enough to believe it.

In a word—I was drunk, I fell aſleep without thinking of any thing, and as far as I can recollect I had pleaſing dreams.

DAY

DAY THE SECOND.

A deciſive Event.

THUS ended my firſt day at Paris.—The detail which I have been relating will ſerve to eſtabliſh our opinion of the character and principles of Doctor * * *.

Three fourths of mankind, in their early days, are guided by thoſe with whom they have the happineſs or the misfortune to fall into company. Of this I happen to be an unfortunate proof, and although I may comfort myſelf with the thoughts of the great number, whom this man has formerly made his dupes, and is daily continuing to make, I am exceſſively aſhamed, that a creature whoſe trifling emptineſs, and whoſe actions I have known to be more than equivocal, has been able to deceive me for fifteen days together. Yet however much my vanity may be hurt by it, I ſhall nevertheleſs continue my relation for the benefit of young travellers, who, like me, come to ſpend ſome time in Paris.

I went to bed about four o'clock in the morning; I ſlept late, and ſcarce had I opened mine eyes when that moſt worthy perſonage preſented himſelf at my bedſide. Well, my Lord, ſaid he, how

how have you paſſed the night? Have you had agreeable dreams?—"I had at leaſt ſubject ſufficient."—Very well, replied he, the evenings are dedicated to pleaſure, but to vary your employment, I have provided for you more ſerious entertainment this morning. The Abbé F... ſhall give you your firſt leſſon in the French language, and an hour after, the Sieur G... ſhall teach you the elements of that art, which in this country ſo agreeably embelliſhes nature, and in uniting with her, produces thoſe charming graces to which all other nations are ſtrangers. As for you, my dear Lord, you want only a little practice to be perfect maſter of them.—I was quite out of countenance at ſuch inſtances of friendſhip.—I thanked the incomparable obliging Doctor, and threw myſelf out of bed to breakfaſt with my moſt worthy Counſellor.

My maſters came after breakfaſt, and I made my firſt eſſay in French and dancing. The two virtuoſi who were employed in my education, appeared each of them to be a Phœnix; the one, by his exceſſive politeneſs and pretty liſping; the other, by his matchleſs graces. I ſpent ſome hours at my toilet, and having dreſſed in a rich and elegant ſuit of cloaths, which the dear Doctor's taylor had brought me, with five or ſix more in the higheſt taſte, I flew to the gardens of the

Palais

Palais-Royal, to ſhew myſelf, without knowing what admirers had been prepared for me by my provident phyſician.

There were at leaſt a dozen people whom I had obſerved at the Baron's the preceding evening, ſcattered in different groupes, and diſperſed along the great walk. I was not there three minutes before I was accoſted;—the old officer, and the Abbé, who had won ſome louis-d'or from me at whiſt, were the firſt to make up to me. One of the two, who was more than fourſcore, ſeemed notwithſtanding to enjoy a ſtate of health, which was the more confirmed by having a mind accuſtomed to reflection, and an equality of temper. He told me that his name was Colonel Cunning:—His expreſſions were ſoothing and friendly.—He perfectly knew the whole bevy of travellers from our country, and gave himſelf out for a relation of Mr. Grenville, who was Ambaſſador from England. He had been ſome minutes in giving this detail, when we were joined by a little ſhort ſquat man;—he was of a ruddy freſh complexion, his cloaths bedawbed with lace; he had a number of jewels, and ſuch an appearance altogether, as made me imagine him to be one of the farmers-general, ſupported by the public finances; when the Colonel told me that he was the Count de * * *:— his J . . . . name had never been accompanied with ſuch a

proud qualification before. I have ſince learnt that he was the nephew of a rich parſimonious banker, who had diſappointed all the reſt of his relations at his death, by leaving this man the whole of his fortune. From a compting houſe deſk in the town of Rouen, our heir made but one leap to the dignity of a Count of the Empire;—with the help of a tongue as thick as himſelf, the Count ſtammered out ſome compliment, and preſented a thin flanked ſickly young man to me, whom he called his brother-in-law, the Count de Rongdeal:—this name appeared to me as little ſuited to a title as the other. I thought that theſe uſurpations, which are both fooliſh and unbecoming, was a family diſeaſe; but in this country it rains Counts, and it is only a ſubject for laughter.

We took ſeveral turns in the walks, during which time the Abbé F... did not ſpeak one ſyllable;—I was tempted to believe that he never opened his mouth, except to ſay clubs, diamonds, or trumps. Since that time I have had my conjecture confirmed: with only this addition to the idea I had formed of him in my own mind, that in ſpite of his having the features of a pug-dog, he had rendered ſuch ſingular ſervices to a certain prelate, that they procured him ſome good livings.

If

If we cannot move but upon the heads of Counts at Paris, we are perpetually elbowed by Abbés;—the ſacred habit, which ought to diſtinguiſh the prieſthood, is made a common diſguiſe, and ſerves for a cloak to multitudes of cowards and ſharpers.

A man of a middle ſize, very lank, his hair powdered and curled with the utmoſt nicety, having a face which one would have miſtaken for the face of a ſatyr, if its impudence had not been tempered by feebleneſs and languor, dreſſed in a violet coloured ſuit of cloaths, laced with gold, came and very ſoon joined our company. He is called the Abbé * * *; he was particularly civil to me, and declared a deſire of being acquainted with me; but I perceived that he eyed the faithful Doctor, whoſe arm I had hold of, with a look of reſentment, while envy and vexation was expreſſed in every feature. I never dreamt of aſcribing theſe ſentiments to a jealouſy of which I myſelf happened to be the object. I did not know, at that time, that they were rivals, and engaged ſometimes in the ſame profeſſion. It is but right to mention beforehand, that it is neither phyſic nor theology.

The converſation very ſoon turned upon the fair inhabitants, who live in the neighbourhood of the Garden. The Abbé * * * and the Doc-

tor, harangued moſt ably, and with equal ſagacity. It was impoſſible to give a more minute deſcription of theſe ladies aſſemblies than what was now given. The old officer hearkened to them with a ſmile of complacency, which gave room to gueſs the agreeable recollections which he could trace back in his own mind. The fat Count and his brother-in-law rallied the two ſpeakers very cloſely, but their ſtrokes of humour were ſo loſt upon them, that they ſtill perſiſted. The Abbé * * *, with an earneſt look and ſtaring eyes, ſeemed to be abſorbed in profound meditation upon ſome ſtroke at picquet. As for my part, I was ſilly enough to pay the greateſt attention to all theſe impertinencies; but however the hour of leaving the garden at laſt arrived, and having poſitively aſſured the Count that I would do myſelf the honour of waiting upon him, I embarked with my faithful Achates, and the old Colonel, whom I carried home with me to dinner.

Upon entering the Hotel, one of my new valets, with ſome precaution, ſlipped a very ſmall letter, exceſſively perfumed, into my hand, which had been brought during my abſence, with an impatient deſire for its being delivered. I opened it; it was written in French, but the character was ſo bad, and the orthography in ſuch a fantaſtical ſtyle, that one who underſtood ſo little

of

of the language as I did, might as eaſily have unravelled a book of conjuring. I was obliged to have recourſe to the Doctor, who after ſtudying a quarter of an hour, at laſt decyphered what follows:

"Do you know, my little Lord, you are very wicked; you have hindered me from cloſing an eye this whole night.—Mama is angry with me; ſhe ſays that I am in love. I ſhall be very much vexed if you don't come this evening to the Italian comedy. At leaſt, be ſure to come to me at nine o'clock, for I have a great deal to ſay to you. That pretty little ring which you put upon my finger, laſt night, has ſet it a prateing:—it whiſpers in my ear, that you have got a handſome miſtreſs in Paris, which gives me a great deal of uneaſineſs; however, if my little Lord will come this evening, it will be a proof that it lies; I will then take comfort, and never believe it more."

My vanity made me think the pretty little childiſh manner of this chick moſt exquiſitely fine. "Oh! this girl has the ſpirit of an angel," cried the Doctor, "G—d d—n me, if ſhe is not the prettieſt little girl in Paris. Well, my Lord! if you have nothing better to do, you may grant her this ſmall favour; we will go and paſs an hour there this evening."

Having

Having ſpoke this in a low voice, we joined the Colonel. He had diſcovered back-gammon tables in my apartment, and propoſed playing a game till dinner ſhould be on the table. I accepted, and we played for twelve louis d'ors;—I gained the firſt, and loſt the two next;—Dinner being announced, prevented the fourth.

By the care and vigilance of my major-domo, I was infinitely better provided than the preceding days—every thing was excellent. The Burgundy flowed moſt plentifully. My old gueſt eat with reflection, and drank with that coolneſs which he employed at whiſt, back-gammon, and indeed in every thing wherein I ſaw him engaged. Since that time, I have experienced how adroit and artful he is, and how well he knows the way to make the people chime in with that calm diſcretion and dignity which ſuits his time of life and condition. We dined chearfully, becauſe his phlegm was no check to our mirth:—we digeſted our dinner with back-gammon, which coſt me only fifty louis.

The Doctor, who was always attentive and provident, had ordered the carriage, that we might take an airing upon the *Boulevard**, before we were to be ſhut up at the Italian comedy,

* Boulevard is a public walk upon the walls at Paris.

and

and becauſe the *bon ton* required that we ſhould not arrive there till the after-piece. It ſeemed as if this man was reſolved to let all his patients die rather than loſe one inſtant wherein it was in his power to miniſter to my pleaſures:—I was affected with the ſincereſt gratitude;—perhaps, in theſe firſt moments he had very good reaſons for keeping the ball at his foot. The Abbé *** was one of thoſe ſort of men againſt whom it is equally neceſſary to employ the cloſeſt aſſiduity, and the moſt expert addreſs. However, I was reſolved to indemnify him for the ſacrifice he made to me of all the fees that he might loſe by his attention. I believe he was ſatisfied, for he never forſook me while this could be ſupported.

About this time of the year, all the worthleſs trifling beings that infeſt this great city, have a cuſtom of aſſembling upon the *Boulevard.* There, their inſipid employment is to go and diſplay a new ſuit of cloaths, or a carriage juſt come out of the hands of an unfortunate tradeſman, who gets himſelf ſplaſhed, or perhaps cruſhed in pieces, while he is in vain running in queſt of payment.

Amidſt clouds of duſt, a ſtring of carriages move round a circle of about an Engliſh half-mile, where, notwithſtanding the ſlowneſs of the pace, and

and the endeavours of the guard to keep them in order, they often run againſt one another, and occaſion frequent interruptions. The idlers, who are drawn along to this place, employ themſelves in gaping round them, and with looks of the moſt conſummate effrontery, endeavour to ſtare women out of countenance, even in the corner ſeat of the moſt modeſt carriage. It is true, indeed, that few ſuch carriages are ſeen;—thoſe of the ſex who come to figure there, are by no means offended; on the contrary, they reply to the boldeſt glances, with an aſſurance, or rather an air of triumph, which diſcovers the pride and haughtineſs with which proſtitution and diſhonour march uncovered amidſt the ſplendid ſpoils of folly and libertiniſm.

Frequently the ſilly victims of thoſe cruel and inſolent ſyrens, aſſemble in crouds round their chariots, and without the leaſt ſenſe of ſhame, pay their adorations in the eyes of a public, provoked at ſeeing ſuch contemptible bubbles. I ſaw one of theſe ladies in a ſuperb equipage moſt ſplendidly gilt and richly varniſhed; ſix beautiful Engliſh horſes, covered with plumes, gold, and ſilk, drew her along in ſtate, with rich and ſplendid liveries both before and behind. That day there was a great number hurrying to the Boulevard. The moment that her triumphal

car

car paſſed into a ſtreet leading that way, an immenſe croud of people on foot from the oppoſite alleys, run inſtantly to the ſide where ſhe was to paſs. One would have been apt to imagine by their zeal, that it was ſome benevolent and beloved queen coming to receive the homage of a delighted people. I thought it was ſo, but my conductor told me ſhe was the famous * * *. The confuſed cries of the multitude very ſoon diſcovered the nature and motive for that zeal by which I had been deceived. The inſolent haughtineſs with which a courteſan was parading in the midſt of the people, preſented to the minds of every one preſent, a moſt hateful idea. In an inſtant this ſuperb equipage was ſurrounded by the mob, who to rage and threatenings, mixed the moſt humiliating expreſſions of deriſion and contempt. They flew in a paſſion, and in a moment the beautiful carriage was going to be daſhed in pieces, when happily the guard came in time to diſengage the aſtoniſhed beauty, who only had the pleaſure of paſſing over five or ſix fathoms of the liſts, where ſhe expected to have dazzled the eyes of a more benevolent public till the evening.

On the relation of this mortifying accident, while five hundred voices were buzzing all round me, I obſerved that all the petit-maitres in the

carriages, which were in my view, became pale and wan. Divided between grief and indignation, ſome piteouſly lamented, while others bitterly inveighed againſt the declenſion of civility and good manners. They moſt plentifully beſtowed their curſes and imprecations upon a crowd of artiſts and manufacturers, for daring to murmur at their not being paid, while the whole was laviſhed upon ſuch creatures. In the warmth of their imprecations they even included the public government, becauſe they did not put forty thouſand honeſt citizens in priſon, for being wanting in the laws of gallantry, and in the humble reſpect due to a courteſan.

My thoughts were ſo different at that time from what they are at preſent, that I was more affected by the affront offered to this actreſs, than by the juſt motives for the ill-will of ſuch a number of unfortunate people, that I reaſoned with the ſame found judgment as did the reſt of thoſe gentlemen. Provoked more than any of them, I quitted this ſcene of French rudeneſs, and ordered my carriage to fly to the Italian comedy, at the riſk of breaking the legs and arms of the unfortunate people who were on foot, and could ſcarcely ſave themſelves by flying to the right and left, notwithſtanding the hoarſe bawlings of my noiſy coachman.

In

In a narrow ill-lighted houſe, unworthy of ſuch a capital as Paris, ſome inſipid mountebanks had juſt done acting a farce, which at leaſt one half of the ſpectators did not underſtand. Theſe buffoons made way for a parcel of male and female French ſingers, whoſe harſh voices, and unnatural manner, mangled the muſic; but, however, it was leſs diſagreeable than that which made me fly from the Opera. They aimed at the Italian taſte, and perhaps in a few years they may arrive at ſome reſemblance; but it was neither the charms nor perfection of the arts that I wanted; every thing would have paſſed very well in my eyes if I could have met Mademoiſelle *****. There was not a corner of the houſe that eſcaped me, but I could no where ſet eyes on her; I was tormented with the keeneſt impatience for more than a quarter of an hour, which made it appear ten times longer. At laſt the noiſe in a ſmall box which opens upon the ſtage made me turn my head on that ſide: I perceived a prodigious foreſt of feathers that appeared upon a head which ſtooped to preſerve the delicate ſtructure in paſſing the door, and was the reaſon that I could not recollect the features of the face. When ſhe ſat down with a certainty of leaving a diſtance of two inches between the ſummit of the plumage and the cieling

of the box, ſhe could then ſit upright, and I recollected the object of my conqueſt. A rich ſtream of diamonds covered her boſom; two immenſe girandoles ſeemed rather like loads than ornaments to her ears, and a chain of large links paſſed ſloping from her right breaſt to her left ſide.

As the infamous magnificence of theſe beauties declares the rate of follies they expect to have committed to obtain their favour, ſo much ſplendour both dazzled and frightened me at the ſame time.—"What a number of diamonds, ſaid I to the Doctor, with a faultering voice! 'tis incredible." A Ruſſian, ſays he, is the author of all this magnificence, which ſurprizes you. Would you believe it, all this has coſt the fair one only a few hours condeſcenſion. To tell you the truth, you muſt have hit her fancy ſtrangely, that ſhe makes ſuch advances to you. You may flatter yourſelf with the thoughts of having won the affections of a perſon whoſe favours ſome lovers of the higheſt rank have fruitleſsly ſolicited: I am certain that intereſt has no weight in this buſineſs.—Such diſcourſe tickled my ears, and could not fail to make the impreſſion upon my mind, which the ſpeaker expected.—You muſt think, nevertheleſs, continued he, with ſeeming zeal and reflexion, that

a woman

a woman ſo handſome and ſo courted, has a certain rank to ſupport:—A furniſhed houſe and other conſiderable expences. My dear Lord, ſuch is the ton here, and no one can exempt himſelf from it. If you have only to contribute to this expence, you come very well off, and it is the leaſt thing you can do for one, who in loving you for your own ſake, as ſhe does, renounces ſeveral very conſiderable advantages.

In ſpeaking thus, the Doctor had infallibly diſcovered in my eyes that the fiſh was fairly hooked. All on a ſudden he left me;—I very ſoon obſerved him at the other ſide of the houſe diſcourſing the fair * * *, whom he certainly congratulated on her ſucceſs in having wounded my heart. In about ten minutes he returned to me again, and putting on a look of wonder and ſatisfaction,—You are, ſays he, in accoſting me, the moſt fortunate of men;—this poor child has only one fear;—ſhe is afraid you will not reply with all the warmth with which you have inſpired her; but I think I know better, and I told her that I had a higher opinion of your taſte, and could anſwer for your ſenſibility. This good news raiſed her to the ſkies;—of all the creatures in the world ſhe has the greateſt ſhare of tenderneſs and gratitude! behold this beautiful *etwee*, it is both valuable and in good taſte; ſhe would put it into my hands as a precious remembrance of the happieſt

pieſt day of her life. This girl, my Lord . . . Ah! ſhe is ſoul to her fingers ends. Every ſyllable, uttered by the gentleman who attentively obſerved me, redoubled the intoxication with which he ſaw my ſenſes agitated. Without the tender glances which came from the oppoſite ſide of the houſe to eaſe my amorous torments in the balcony, I ſhould not have known when the piece was finiſhed.—I thought twenty times, that by the violence of my ſighs I ſhould have interrupted the actors.

It is a droll affair to ſee an Oxford ſcholar the firſt time he ſwallows in deep draughts the poiſonous proſtituted love of the enchantreſſes of the opera; he becomes a dupe with the moſt inconceivable ardour and folly:—it was in truth my very ſituation. The vanity with which my title inſpired me; the contents of my pocket-book, my train, the ſubmiſſive manners of the Doctor; even my fine cloaths, and the elegant ſtructure which the Sieur Toupee had erected upon my head, compleatly turned my brain. Of all the fools that has ever croſſed the Streights of Calais, not even excepting Lord D . . . T . . . ., I was by much the moſt extravagant. At laſt the curtain dropt, I immediately gained the paſſage, and hurrying on at the expence of the toes and elbows of a number of ſpectators, to whom I made aukward apologies in paſſing, I arrived at the ſtair

caſe

caſe time enough to offer my hand to my fair miſtreſs.

Unfortunately the ſtair was ſteep and winding, and I was ſo elevated with joy, that by my not obſerving the train of her gown, which was under my feet, I got ſo entangled in it, that when ſomebody at that inſtant puſhed me behind, I tumbled headlong about ten ſteps; and to add to my misfortune, love had ſo locked the hand of Mademoiſelle * * * in mine, that dragging her after me, we rolled down together. During the paſſage which this fall occaſioned, the diſorder of her cloaths diſplayed ſome charms to the ſpectators, gratis; the ſight of which coſts ſo dear in other circumſtances. We got up in ſuch confuſion, as ſuch a cataſtrophe could not fail to occaſion, and amidſt the laugh and ſhoutings which it excited, we had a good deal of difficulty to reach the gate. My indulgent companion preſumed ſufficiently on my future liberalities to forgive this firſt blunder; inſtead of reproaches, ſhe only ſhewed that ſhe was much vexed. She was very ſoon ſurrounded by a number of good friends, who pitied her with a malicious equivocal compaſſion, while their hoarſe pipes were ſqueaking around her. Ah! my God! my dear! how did it happen; Are you not hurt? *Will you have a little Cologne water?* As for me, having drawn an immenſe roll of Engliſh ſticking plaiſter out of my

my pocket, I preſented it to her trembling. Eh! my God, Mr. Engliſhman, cried a droll fellow a few paces from me; that is only the form of the plaiſter which the lady applies to her wounds. Happily at laſt, the Stentor of Pariſian Savoyards cried out, my Lord's coach. My companion got rid of her officious friends. With our eyes on the ground, we paſſed through a double rank of laughers, leaving Mademoiſelle * * *'s riot for the Doctor to carry home the J[illegible]u-lia, who had accompanied her to the theatre.

Having taken ſhelter in our carriage from the ſhower of ſarcaſms which our fall had rained upon us, I did every thing in my power to make my fair one forget the accident of the ſtair caſe: collecting with incredible efforts all the polite terms of gallantry, which I could gather from Boyer's Dictionary, and the firſt leſſon of the Abbé F . . . , I liſped a fooliſh apology in the moſt pitiful and confuſed jargon, and as I ſuſpected that my words were ſcarce intelligible, I added ſuch geſtures as I thought were proper to expreſs their ſignification. The mild and gentle goodneſs with which ſhe received my penitence and eager deſires, tranſported me with joy. We were already got into Richlieu-ſtreet, and entering the houſe, we remained alone for ſome minutes.

The

The feeble reſiſtance which the beautiful creature oppoſed to my amorous aſſaults, had ſet me on fire, and I was become much more hardy; when at that inſtant, the old lady made her appearance:—ſhe affected to be diſpleaſed with ſuch a tete-a-tete, and in a harſh tone of voice, bid her daughter go and undreſs herſelf;—ſhe went away, turning from me with a look of melancholy regret.

Remaining with the diſcreet and prudent dowager, like a novice indeed, I endeavoured by the moſt earneſt proteſtations to appeaſe that anger, which ſhe did not entirely conceal. Not being able to prevail with the old lady to unbend the ſeverity of her wrinkled front, I was about to abandon the enterprize with equal chagrin, and impatience, when my illuſtrious and prudent ſupport, the adorable Doctor arrived. My look of aſtoniſhment andthe angryſilence of the mother, preſented ſuch an unexpected appearance both in the one and the other, that he was impatient to know the cauſe, and haſtily aſking ſome queſtions, he induced her to come to an immediate explanation.

The old lady affecting to compoſe herſelf a little? You know very well, Doctor, ſays ſhe, that my daughter is not in a ſituation to play the fool. I can very eaſily perceive that ſhe is fallen in love

with my Lord, but it is my duty to watch over her with a motherly care. What would a certain perſon, who ſupports us at the Opera, ſay, if he was to hear of ſuch a fooliſh buſineſs? I can very well believe, that my Lord is too much of a gentleman to deceive us; but that is not enough: we are not in a ſituation to give way to occaſional attachments. Unfortunately, a woman who has once got upon the ſtage, cannot follow her own taſte and inclinations, without being ſecured .... In one word, Doctor, you, who are a man of ſenſe, and know the world, will not ſurely blame me for being ſo juſtly alarmed."

Without making any reply to her, the judicious ſon of Eſculapius explained what ſhe had ſaid, which ſome interruptions had hindered me from comprehending, with ſuch an able commentary, that I was determined without delay to offer ſome convincing proofs of my conſtancy and ſincerity. I took out of my pocket-book, a bill for a thouſand louis d'ors, and reaching it to the mercileſs and artful harpy, I made ſome excuſes for my want of French. Oh! pardon me, my Lord, I underſtand you wonderfully well, replied ſhe, but I pray you do not ſuſpect me of being mercenary. It is ſo natural for a mother to ſecure the fortune of her daughter! We ſee every day ſuch numberleſs treacheries!

Likewiſe,

Likewiſe, you know that youth does not laſt for ever: I approved, with a nod of my head, the ſoundneſs of her reaſons. Beſides, continued ſhe, in a ſoothing manner, the ſacrifice of youth and beauty could not be made to one more deſerving than you. It is well that I take this opportunity of acquainting you before-hand, that my daughter is delicate upon this head even to a degree of folly;—if ſhe had any ſuſpicion of this proof you have been juſt giving of your gallantry for her, all would be ruined. The poor girl bluſhes at meer nothings;—would you think, that to ſupport the appearance we are obliged to make in the world, I am forced to conceal from her thoſe marks of favour which ſhe receives? I pray you then do not mention it to her. However palpable the ſnare, ſhe deceived my exceſſive credulity; and, like a true gudgeon, I equally admired the generous ſentiments of the daughter, and the no leſs prudent demeanor of the mother, and ſqueezing her by the hand, my heart became ſtill lighter than my pocket-book.

Mademoiſelle ***** and the little Julia returned at that inſtant, and immediately after we were told that ſupper was upon the table. If joy and pleaſure, even to intoxication, had been admitted but by degrees the night before; upon this occaſion it ſuddenly aſſumed that character.

We were juſt in the middle of the deſert when ſomebody came and whiſpered Mademoiſelle Julia that ſhe was impatiently expected at home. She inſtantly roſe up, and the gallant Doctor offering his ſervices to conduct her, his propoſal was accepted.

He was a great while gone, and mamma ſaid ſhe was ſo fatigued with ſitting up late the preceding evening, that leaning back upon the ſopha, ſhe fell to ſnoring with all her might. In proportion as ſhe got into a ſound and deep ſleep, we became more lively and awake. A ſudden ſtart, which opened the ears and eyes of the Duenna, interrupted our toying. Go to bed, mamma, ſaid the daughter, in puſhing her foot againſt her's, you ſleep ſitting. Fy! it is not pretty. Preſently, my girl, ſhe replied, with her mouth open and tongue faultering. She had ſcarcely pronounced theſe words, when, ſinking on her ſeat, ſhe ſnored louder than before. Oh! mamma, this is unſufferable! are not you aſhamed? ſaid Mademoiſelle *****, in puſhing her arm, here is your candle. Come, come, anſwered the mother, riſing and rubbing her eyes, and then yawning as if ſhe would diſlocate her jaws, I don't know what makes me ſo ſleepy to night, ſays ſhe, but, my children, you will wait for the Doctor; however, be wiſe,—and

then

then wiſhing me a friendly good-night, ſhe ſhut the door and retired. For the preſent all is well, ſaid Mademoiſelle ✱✱✱✱✱. We renewed the diſcourſe we had begun, with a great deal of vivacity. If my phraſes were imperfect and incorrect, my geſtures, as they had been in the carriage, ſupplied the want of language. In ſuch a ſituation, it may perhaps be an advantage to be ignorant of the language, and, upon more occaſions than one, it has brought matters ſooner to a concluſion. In the mean time, ſuch agreeable entertainment made the hours glide ſwiftly away, and I was uneaſy at my companion not having returned. I rung the bell;—inſtead of one of the lacqueys that uſed to anſwer, I ſaw a great clumſy Abigail, who told me, ſmiling, that the Doctor ſaid he would not return, and that he had ſent home my equipage: then turning to her young miſtreſs, with a look of ſurpriſe, ſhe added with a timid ſtammering voice, does not my Lord ſleep here? Eh! I don't know, replied ſhe, with ſome emotion, and darting a look at me, as he pleaſes ... but mamma... adſbudikins! your mamma, ſaid the impudent jade, is aſleep, ſhe would not hear if it thundered, and to morrow it will be day. Oh! let me alone to manage her; when ſhe wakes, the birds ſhall be flown. What is done

done is done; and you are ſuch good friends; why all this ceremony? How ſhe ſettles this matter, ſaid Mademoiſelle, trying to bluſh, and ſqueezing my hand with ſuch ardour, that I broke looſe in bold and paſſionate careſſes. Patience, patience, cried the vulgar waiting-maid, ſtay till bye and bye. Come, Mademoiſelle, come along till I undreſs you. At theſe words ſhe dragged her away to put her to bed, with a loud indecent laugh, recommending me to be quiet, and ſhe would very ſoon come and bring me to wiſh her a good night.

In fact, it was not long before ſhe returned; and here I finiſh my ſecond day, drawing a veil over the realities and the dreams of this night of happineſs.

DAY

DAY THE THIRD.

What happened on my awaking—A singular and dangerous viſit—A cheat of a different kind.

A RAY of the ſun penetrating into the alcove between the curtains, which were not cloſe drawn, fell upon my eyes, and made me perceive that it was day.—The object of my amorous intoxication had meaſured how far it might bear, and was too expert a miſtreſs of her buſineſs to exhauſt its fumes at once; ſhe immediately rang the bell.—The fat two-handed wench of a maid came in. She had taken care to ſet every thing near me I wanted.—With her aſſiſtance I roſe, and bating a little diſorder in my hair, was in a condition to go out in a morning dreſs which had been brought me.

Mean time ſomebody knocked rudely at the door—the maid run thither.——I ſaw her return with a rueful length of face, holding a paper in her hand, which ſhe gave her miſtreſs; who having caſt her eyes over it, with an air of no leſs conſternation, uttering a ſorrowful and bitter ſigh, cried, Ah! my God! ſhew him in; but at leaſt let him give me time to get out of bed.—At theſe words ſhe haſtily got up, and huddling on

on a diſhabille, threw herſelf into an eaſy chair, where ſhe ſat in gloomy ſilence.—I told her, if that if ſhe had any buſineſs, which it was improper for me to overhear, I would go and leave her at liberty.—No, not at all, cried ſhe, ſqueezing my hand, and giving her countenance the moſt diſconſolate air poſſible,—'tis nothing, ſtay.——The maid introduced a crabbed-looking man, in a mean dreſs.——So, Mr. Rag, you are very uneaſy about a trifle, ſaid my Goddeſs, peeviſhly, how can you teaze me in this manner?——You have choſen your time very ill.——What! make me get out of bed for ſuch a paltry affair.——Excuſe me, Madam, replied he, with a ſullen and profound bow—It is paſt twelve, and I did not think I ſhould come ſo unſeaſonably.—You are in a great hurry then!—No man is a leſs importunate creditor than I, Madam; but, on my conſcience, the times are ſo hard—I have run over the whole neighbourhood—I have been to twenty of your ladies before I came to you, and have not been able to collect a ſingle *ſous* in my whole round—Beſides you know very well your little private bill is running on—in ſincerity I can no longer go without the money.—However, you muſt wait a little longer.——I cannot, I am very ſorry—'tis with pain I ſhould find myſelf obliged to take any methods diſagreeable to you.——After ſome

pretty

pretty ſmart expreſſions, by which the dialogue was heightened on both ſides; the creditor retired with threats.—My God! cried the fair one, ſhould my Mamma know of this!—Grief drew tears from her eyes.—The maid, pale and terrified, bore part in the ſorrow of her miſtreſs. Alas, Madam, what is to be done!—That curſed fellow Rag is as deaf to reaſon as a Swiſs—— Well! run and give him my bracelets. The geſture with which this was accompanied, ſhewed me plainly the ſcheme, and diſcovered that they had played the part of ſharpers, and nothing remained for me but to continue that of the dupe, which I had ſo admirably begun.—However, it was not thus, I qualified matters in my delirium, I eagerly ſtopped the trinkets; and taking up the bill which lay on the toilet, I perceived at the bottom, a total of two thouſand livres tournois.—With as much warmth as pride, I gave orders to run after the inſolent creditor, and declared it was only a trifle:—that order was ſeized with avidity, and executed with ſtill more ſpeed, by the ready handmaid.—The miſtreſs, with all the tranſport of extreme affliction, had made ſome ſteps towards the door, in order to ſtop her courſe, but it was too late, and then returning to me, proteſted that ſhe would not ſuffer an indignity that might bring her pure and diſintereſted tenderneſs under ſuſpi-

cion. I inſiſted, in terms of the utmoſt humility; ſhe gave way to the moſt exceſſive ſorrow, and almoſt tore her hair; at laſt good Mr. Rag returned.—Encouraged by the ſervant to overrule the ſcruples of my too delicate miſtreſs, I did not make him languiſh in expectation.—At the expence of the greateſt part of the money I had in my pocket, his diſcharge was put into my hands. Nothing could equal the joy of the creditor; he aſſured me that I had ſaved his credit and his fortune, and retired, after making a hundred bows as humble as hypocritical; for among theſe ladies, what ſeems to go out at one door, often comes in again at another. The reader will ſee whether I have not had reaſon to believe the pretended Mr. Rag, to have acted in concert with my Dulcineas, and poured my money into the coffers of the induſtrious and artful Mamma.

I took inexpreſſible pains to conſole my nymph for the favour I had juſt done her, and my proteſtations began to produce ſome effect, when Fanchon re-appeared with the chocolate. Sancta Maria, Mademoiſelle, cried ſhe, ſure you have reaſon for all theſe tears?—They that have plenty beſtow on their neighbours.—My Lord has done this with ſo good a grace, that it is plain it has given him no trouble. Long live the Engliſh! They'll ſooner pay a hundred piſtoles, than another

ther will a compliment; talk to me of that.—Stop your fooliſh tattle, cried Mademoiſelle ***, and wiping her eyes, made her deep melancholy give way to the fondeſt endearments.—The ſky being thus cleared we ſat down to breakfaſt.

The fair one begun to accuſtom herſelf to my bad French. Our converſation turned upon the ſubjects moſt intereſting to a fine lady, dreſs, furniture, jewels, carriages, and ſpirited horſes.—We were conſidering the laſt of theſe objects, when the Doctor came. His face wore an air of triumph, which ſeemed to participate of mine. He fitted his tone and his behaviour to the agreeable circumſtances of the morning. At laſt the pleaſantries were exhauſted. When a girl like Mademoiſelle *** has brought an intereſting ſubject on the carpet, ſhe does not eaſily let it drop; the chapter of carriages was therefore reſumed and examined to the bottom. I ſhall omit the detail which the Doctor entered into upon that head, and only tell the reader, that with great addreſs, they diſpoſed me to eclipſe the ſplendor of that profuſion which Lord E*** T*** laviſhed on the goddeſs who the day before had been ſo diſagreeably turned out from the *boulevard*, and even of all thoſe inſtances of prodigality that have diſtinguiſhed our illuſtrious countrymen in the ſtreets of Paris.

I quitted Mademoiſelle * * *, and parted from the Doctor for ſome hours.—Swelled with a ridiculous pride, or rather with a frantic vanity, I hurried away to realize the ſcheme they had inſinuated. I wanted to unite the pleaſure of ſurprize to the merit of my profuſion. The Eſculapius was not in the ſecret, and by the cares of my dextrous and active Provençal, aſſiſted with a new fragment of my pocket book, ſix ſuperb courſers were lodged in Mademoiſelle * * *'s ſtable, and a magnificent Berlin in her coach-houſe occupied the place of a ſcanty diligence in the Engliſh faſhion, which was returned to the coach hirer.

I was in my own apartment applauding myſelf for ſo finiſhed a piece of folly, when the Sieur Gardel came to give me my leſſon. The Doctor arrived—he was yet unacquainted with my magnificent gallantry.—The gigantic Eſculapius and the mountebank, vied with each other in expreſſing their extacy at the diſplay of my riſing graces. At laſt, intoxicated with their praiſes, I dreſſed myſelf magnificently, in order to go out.—We were to pay a viſit to the Baron de * * *, where I was invited to dinner.—One of my ſervants announced Major Saggs;—though unacquainted with me, he addreſſed me familiarly, and paſſed himſelf for a country man, who, warm in his affections, was ready to make the firſt advances, and

and deſirous of introducing me to a ſhare in the pleaſures of all the brilliant circles in which he was inſtalled.

Had I not then been in a paroxyſm of madneſs, I ſhould have diſcovered in his figure every ſymptom of knavery, and from his cormorant air, penetrated the motives of his viſit. But my ſtupid vanity had been ſo exalted by the underſtrappers who beſet me, that through its veil I could only ſee prevention of friendſhip, and even homage.—The Major entertained me with political news, and then talked of play. He diſcuſſed this laſt ſubject like a maſter, and laid the ſcene of his exploits in places ſo auguſt; that, conſidering my little experience, it was entirely impoſſible for me to form the leaſt diſhonourable ſuſpicion of him.—I did not know that an embroidered cheat, by the help of a ſum of money, and a pack of cards, ſets himſelf down every day by the ſide of a Prince, and enters into familiarity with *Highneſſes*, and that there is no where leſs diſtinction among men, than in the places where *Pharaoh* makes one of the moſt important occupations of life.

Our converſation went no farther; the Major took his leave, after having aſſured me of the pleaſure it would give him to meet me after dinner at the Baron's; to which he added, the agreeable

agreeable propoſal of ſpending the evening with him, and a ſelect company of our countrymen; "at leaſt,, my Lord," continued he, "till the moment when pleaſure ſhall bring you back to the arms of love."—Theſe laſt words were uttered with a very affected giggle, and a ſly look; which firſt fixing upon me, afterwards fell upon the Doctor.—While liſtening to him, I carried my folly to the higheſt pitch.—My frivolity exceeded a hundred times the levity of the moſt finiſhed French coxcomb, and I fancied myſelf a man initiated in all the moſt refined myſteries of the *Scavoir Vivre*, and even ready to lead the faſhion in it.

As the Doctor was an habitual gueſt at the Baron's table, the reader will not be ſurprized to find him accompany me without ceremony.—The entertainment was elegant—but the ardour for play, which defrayed the expence of the repaſt, abridged it greatly. I was ſeated by a young man of an amiable figure, and a decent and pleaſing behaviour.—Stranger, as I was to the world, I eaſily perceived that he was ſtill leſs acquainted with it than I. He talked of play with paſſion, and by his whole converſation, which turned upon nothing elſe, ſhewed that his fondneſs for it roſe to phrenzy: had not his countenance at the ſame time borne deciſive marks

marks of ingenuity and candour enough to diſſipate all prejudice, he might have been claſſed with the F***, but he was ſtill only in the rank of dupes. His diſcourſe was mixed with much indiſcretion, and ſtill more vanity; above all, he attached a prodigious value to the chance of fortune, and he could not ſpeak three words without boaſting of his own.—To all the aukwardneſs of a novice, like myſelf, he joined the childiſhneſs of an only ſon, ſpoiled in his father's houſe by a domeſtic tutor, unacquainted with mankind, and whoſe long infancy muſt conſequently be loſt in manhood. I naturally looked down upon ſuch a character with pity: blind as I was to my own conduct, I reaſoned juſtly enough, which is but too common, on that of my neighbours. I was ſtruck with the young man's appearance, and on riſing from table, aſked the Doctor who he was, when I learned that he was a rich Weſt-Indian, whoſe father, however, had laviſhed away triple the fortune he had left his ſon.

It was not long before all the gueſts were engaged at whiſt. Chance, as I thought, had arranged the actors: we were in want of ladies.—The Baroneſs made a party with three old gentlemen, long intimates in the family. I found myſelf partner with my young neighbour at dinner,

ner, againſt the maſter of the houſe, and a huge lank-ſided figure of affected phraſe and drawling tone, who called himſelf the Marquis de ***. The ſimilarity of names made me preſume he was related to Colonel ***, nor was I miſtaken; it was his ſon. When the play began, I perceived with what difficulty the young impetuous Raw could reſtrain his gaming petulant ſpirit; it was irritated by the ſtudied procedure of a game of combination, and he ſighed for thoſe where the chance was more ſimple and more rapid. As the cards fell, his imagination painted to him the chances at *vingt un*, or *trente et quarante*; theſe foreign ſpeculations are incompatible with whiſt, and accordingly our antagoniſts made their advantage of it.

The young man doubled on my ſtake, which was conſiderable, and worthy of the rage and calculating genius of the Baron;—his madneſs for chances had drawn him in ſtill farther to lay wagers, capable of decupling his loſs.—In a few games I loſt a hundred louis; what young Raw had ventured was pocketed by the worthy ſon of the Colonel, who making his bow, offered with an ironical air to give him three or four leſſons a week.

Major Saggs, who entered a little before, having walked round the ſaloon, had ſtopped to

ſee

ſee the end of our game. "Well, gentlemen," ſaid he, "as whiſt has been your enemy, you muſt repair your luck at *vingt un.*" He then conducted us to a long table ſpread, in a *Cul de lampe*, which formed the bottom of the apartment we were in.—It was ſoon ſurrounded by ten or twelve actors. I there paſſed two hours between the Major and the imprudent Raw. The firſt loaded me with careſſes and profeſſions of friendſhip: he had the complaiſance to teach me to calculate and foreſee my ſtrokes; thanks to his advice, I got up nearly as I ſate down to play. He told me it was time to go, and treading on the cards, with which the floor of the ſaloon was already deluged, I followed him with young Raw, and my worthy and liege phyſician.

We flew to the Major's lodgings at the Hotel de York, where he expected that evening, what he called the flower of our countrymen. It was not long before the circle was complete. I there knew Sir Walter Whim, as well as young Roſs, a Scotch gentleman of immenſe fortune, whoſe extreme youth then made him, like me, fit for receiving every impreſſion, and falling into every ſnare. As a check upon three imprudent monkeys, the Major had oppoſed five or ſix of thoſe knowing travellers, who continually make the

round from Paris to London, from London to Spaw, and fixing their head-quarters in each of theſe, periodically tranſport themſelves to every place where a concourſe of company brings young people of family to be poliſhed, and money to be gained.

Not to ſcare the game, the time before ſupper was paſſed in a converſation upon matters of gallantry; which is ordinarily the firſt bait thrown out by theſe illuſtrious perſonages to decoy youth.—My feats had made a noiſe; my magnificence, or rather my follies, divulged by the voice of ſcandal, had eſtabliſhed me a brilliant reputation, and announced a character which theſe honeſt gentlemen had propoſed to turn to account.—Heads furniſhed like theirs, could neither undertake nor ſupport a ſerious converſation. La *** was dazzling to day at Lord ***'s, ſaid one of the aſſiſtants. "Yes, upon my honour," replied Sir Walter, forcing a little the frozen inſipid tone of voice in which he almoſt conſtantly ſpeaks. "Sir Walter," ſaid the Major, "ſhe has ſhot you, 'ware your flegm—No I ſwear to you—How! *I ſwear to you*,—why you begin to grow warm, *I ſwear to you*, is ſomething extraordinary, and betrays a troubled ſoul: Sir Walter, Sir Walter, you have received a mortal wound. — But whatever be in that, continued he, there's a certain cock-noſed

noſed keen-looking lively little rogue, to whom I would give the apple: but huſh, added he, looking at me, the Paris of that adventure is not far off; and, for a beginner, the place has been beſieged with as much eclat as ſucceſs. —Theſe words drew every eye upon me.—The devil! my Lord, cried the lank-ſided formal Marquis, how! you have eſtabliſhed yourſelf there! my God! what magnificence! why, there was enough to conquer half the Opera.—But who was the woeful ſtupid Mercury that could lead you into ſo capital a blunder with regard to the current prices?—Here I obſerved the Doctor grow pale, and blaming in my heart the Count's indiſcretion, I haſtened to draw him out of the ſcrape.—"Marquis, ſaid I, I gratify my own taſte without aſſiſtance or advice."—"So much the worſe, my Lord, ſo much the worſe, you will ſpoil us all thoſe princeſſes."

We ſat down to table, and talked nonſenſically till the deſert. Then the vapours of the wine, and the effervescence of our brains animating the converſation, it acquired an unbridled and diſguſting licentiouſneſs, which inſpired the toaſts that were put round, and theſe coming in rapid ſucceſſion, gave us up without defence, and deſtitute of reaſon; to the deſigns of the Major.

The ſophiſticated wines I had drank, were followed by the diſtilled poiſons invented by

debauch.—From the table we made but one leap to ſeat ourſelves round a green cloth. The Major poured out before him a conſiderable quantity of gold, at the ſight of which young Raw's eyes opened to double their uſual orbit: he ſtaked ten louis, which were immediately covered. The ſober and prudent Doctor ſuſpected how this firſt eſſay would ſucceed, and ventured five—they won. The Baronet, the Scotchman, and I, entered inſenſibly into the game: it favoured us too. Our brains heated by ſucceſs, we plunged deeply into it, and luck immediately turned. In a ſhort time, the ſtrong waters, which had ſtaggered our ſenſes, being put into greater fermentation by heady punch, which we ſwallowed without thinking of it, we neither ſaw nor acted but with diſorder and confuſion. We grew more eager as our loſſes encreaſed: our money, our notes, our words eſcaped from our frantic hands and ſtammering tongues. In vain would the reader expect a detail of this horrid evening. My confuſed reaſon cannot recollect the particulars; yet I have no leſs reaſon to bluſh for having ſo entirely drowned it, as abſolutely to forget what charitable hands carried me without ſenſe, and deprived of every faculty, out of this ſhameful and infamous den.

DAY THE FOURTH.

A diſagreeable waking. My Loſſes recovered only in appearance.

AFTER the oppreſſive ſtupifying ſleep of drunkeneſs, I opened my eyes, which were weak and enflamed;—heavy, ſick, and perplexed, I heard the clock ſtrike one;—I got out of bed, where I was burning hot and reſtleſs:—my tottering limbs ſtill bent under me. In proportion as the chaos of my thoughts cleared up, and my memory became diſencumbered from the vapours of wine, I endeavoured to recollect my laſt actions of the day, or rather of laſt night, and I could trace nothing back but the moſt frightful confuſion: I even was afraid to go in queſt of the diſtreſſing truth acroſs this maze of darkneſs. In this perplexity I had no other reſource but to ſend for the Doctor.

"Well! my dear Lord," ſays he, "I ſee you are ſick and fatigued;—ah!" continued he, with an affected ſorrow, "ſee what it is to give up both health and money, full ſwing, without the ſmalleſt reſerve. The ſum which you have loſt to be ſure is conſiderable, but if it proves an uſeful leſſon to you, and you profit by it, you have by no means paid too dear for it."—— How ſay you! I have loſt a conſiderable ſum?

ſum?——The money that I had in my pocket could not exceed fifty louis-d'ors.—— Why ſurely, my Lord, you do not reflect: in truth you forgot your uſual good ſenſe;—I was tired making ſigns to you, but nevertheleſs you would ſtill perſiſt. However, you are not the only, nor the moſt unfortunate ſufferer;— Sir Walter, and the hot-headed Roſs, were ſharers with you in your misfortune. Sir Walter loſt eighteen hundred guineas, and Roſs ſeven thouſand, and you ... how I!—yes, even you my Lord; have you forgotten with what frenſy you ſtill perſevered, and every time that you loſt, you continued to lay double. I cannot refuſe to do juſtice to the Major as a fair player; yet it is incredible to think with what conſtancy fortune favoured him.—I have indeed ſome ſlight remembrance of his having gained ſomething of me on my word.—How! three thouſand guineas, ſomething! Ah! my Lord.—Three thouſand ſaid I with ſurpriſe!—Yes, juſt ſo much; I am ſorry for it, but it is true nevertheleſs. I remained dumb and quite ſtupified. I was waked out of my reverie by the coming of the little Scotchman, who had loſt ſeven thouſand guineas. The ſight of a man, who has been more unfortunate than ourſelves, apparently alleviates our

our diſgrace. The thought of his loſſes rouſed me ſo as to make me get up to receive him.

Roſs was pale, worn and fatigued as much as I was; but I very ſoon obſerved that his ſpirits were ſupported by anger. My Lord, ſaid he, at entering the door, by all that is good we were pillaged, murdered, and aſſaſſinated; we laſt night fell into the ſnare of a gang of ſharpers. Pardon me, Doctor, you made one of the ſet, and that frequently happens to be your caſe, but I except you. You pocketed ſomething and I am willing to believe that you won it fairly, but it ſuits very ill with a man of your profeſſion to be the ſupporter of a gaming houſe.—Sir, replied the phyſician very ſeriouſly, who had at firſt been diſconcerted by this apoſtrophe, you wander exceedingly in talking after this rate of thoſe with whom you was in company laſt night: as for me, I may preſume to go.—Yes, to your patients at this inſtant, replied the angry Scot. But what ſignifies that to me,—'tis to you my Lord I come, to declare openly that as to the money which I had in my pocket, I conſent with all my heart that it ſhould be filched from me; it is but a juſt puniſhment for letting myſelf be ſeduced into ſuch a cut throat place; but as for the ſeven thouſand guineas which the Major aſſerts to have been loſt to him as a debt of honour,—may the earth

ſwallow

ſwallow me up, if the ſcoundrel ſhall ever ſee one penny. They had ſo confounded my reaſon, and ſtufied my ſenſes, that I did not know whether I played for ſeven thouſand, or for ſeven million of guineas, and they were not aſhamed to play us a thouſand ſharping tricks while we were in that ſituation.

Sir, anſwered the Doctor in a milder tone than before, I dare aſſure you that you owed that ſum at going away;—I was perfectly ſober.—I did not go away Doctor, I was carried, and your ſobriety ſhall add no value to your evidence, I reject it. My Lord, continued he, without ſeeming to mind how the other reliſhed what he had ſaid, I am reſolved to come to every extremity, rather than abandon to theſe plunderers the ſmalleſt atom of their prey;—I hurried here to acquaint you with it, and to adviſe you to follow my example.

The violent Roſs was in this part of his converſation, when in came Sir Walter. His long melancholy countenance, always cold and unchangeable, ſeemed not to be affected with ſentiment or any kind of emotion. Well! Sir Walter, ſaid I, what do you think of our misfortune?—I think no more of it, I have paid.—Paid, cried the enraged Roſs! very well, every one may allow himſelf to be pillaged that pleaſes; but may I be treated with the utmoſt

contempt,

contempt, if ſuch knaves ſhall ever ſee one half-penny of the money they would have trepanned from me. Some ſuch ſuſpicions came in my head, replied the Knight, with his uſual phlegm, but I have been reflecting that when ſuch people as we have been guilty of a folly, and can get out of the ſcrape for money, the beſt way is to ſwallow it in ſilence, and never return again.

This manner of taking things is both noble and judicious, and truly worthy of you Sir Walter, ſaid the Doctor with ſome warmth;—if theſe gentlemen (which God forbid that I ſhould believe) had been capable of tricking you, that method is ſtill the only one that remains to be taken. O my liege fellow cried Roſs, in ſquinting at him, you have your reaſons for ſo highly approving a little ſilly pride, which theſe villains have an intereſt in crying up; but I would have you to know, that theſe impudent ſharpers ſhall not make a harveſt of ſeven thouſand guineas with impunity. Liberty, liberty! let every one take his own way, but for my part I am reſolved.—If I was capable of ſuch a folly;—my guardian .... The Major is too reaſonable a man, replied the other, not to enter into an accommodation with you, and to be ſatisfied with ſome acknowledgement until you are of age to .... You may aſſure him from me, he ſhall

have neither the one nor the other. He then made a motion towards me, and I got up, as I imagined he was going away. When I was accompanying him to the door, he adviſed me in the ſtrongeſt terms, not to be the dupe of ſuch a *crew*; I repeat his own expreſſion. As for him, he ſwore that he was reſolved, and truly the unfortunate Major found him undaunted. After ſome ſwaggering threats, and a pretended purſuit to England, which terminated at Calais, he is returned empty handed and high creſted, to reſume his courſes among the gay world with his former aſſociates.

What a madman! ſaid the Doctor when I returned.—Till then, I had preſerved a profound ſilence. I will confeſs to you with the greateſt candour, my dear Doctor, replied I, that I ſee ſome reaſon for his reſolution. To be ſure the conduct of Sir Walter is more honourable, but I muſt ſay that I join in the ſuſpicions of the other, although I am reſolved to follow the Baronet's example. The Doctor was impatient to reſume the diſcourſe:—I plainly perceive ſentiments worthy of your noble birth; I was vexed to ſee your infatuation that would puſh a run of bad luck; I was grieved at your loſs, but I cannot help admiring both of you for having determined to behave like men of prudence, and men

of

of honour. Well my dear friend, diſcharge this debt of three thouſand guineas, that it may be no more mentioned. With a ſlow and trembling hand I took ſome bills out of my pocket-book, which ſhrunk apace, and delivered them to him with the deepeſt regret. Such a ſacrifice was very far from procuring me the ſame ſatisfaction as the one made to Mademoiſelle *****.—a heavy ſigh eſcaped me, and I bitterly lamented the time that was let ſlip, and the money which was laviſhed, and not in her company.

The noiſe of a carriage was heard in the court; —what was my ſurpriſe and joy when I ſaw her get out! Undoubtedly the God of Love, jealous of the ſacrifice which the deity of thieves and ſharpers, who ſometimes ſhares with him in this capital, had ſurpriſed from me, was come to reclaim my homage. The fair creature all in tears ruſhed into my arms. Good God! my dear friend! what is this the Doctor has been telling my mamma this morning? What! was it to go and make a ſacrifice of yourſelf at *trente et quarante* laſt night that I was forſaken? Alas! what have I not ſuffered! Do you know this is the way to ruin yourſelf? What do you propoſe doing?—It is nothing, replied I, preſſing her tenderly by the hand—or but a trifle added the Doctor haughtily; three thouſand louis-d'ors

will not make my Lord ſtartle :—the only regret that he can poſſibly feel, is the not having made a better uſe of them, continued he, with an air of myſtery. Undoubtedly, ſaid I, upon that condition I could bear the loſs.—I am not very rich ſaid the fair one affectedly, but I hope my Lord reckons ſufficiently upon my attachment, to .... Here the heroine caſt down her eyes, and appeared oppreſſed by the load of ſentiment which obliged her to ſpeak. At ſight of this I became exceſſively affected, and not ſuſpecting any thing of this new way of ſowing to reap again, I haſtened to comfort her by diſplaying to her view eight hundred pieces in gold, and about ſix thouſand more in paper.

At viewing this treaſure the roſes of her complexion revived, and fixing her eyes upon ſuch a precious fund, ſhe perſuaded me of the intereſt ſhe took in my affairs; her tender proteſtations began to baniſh from my mind the remembrance of my misfortune and folly, and were ended with an aſſurance that I would do myſelf the pleaſure of waiting on her in the evening; I went out in a little time after, to go to dine with Count ****.

He had aſſembled a numerous company, compoſed almoſt entirely of the ſame people that I had ſeen at the Baron's. I obſerved that the old Colonel was as much maſter here, as the Doctor

was

was at the other place. A moſt ſumptuous dinner was ſerved up.—Every thing in this houſe declared that they did honour to the ſucceſſion of the old banker, by the perfect contraſt of all the ways he had taken to accumulate for half a century. Play ſucceeded here likewiſe to good cheer, and for the preſent I did wonderfully well;—beſides the ready money, which might amount to about two hundred louis-d'or, I found at going away that I had won about fifteen hundred more upon credit, from the Marquis de * * *. A very wonderful affair, and ſcarce to be believed was, this Marquis, ſon in law of the Baron, was a Gaſcon, and the people of this province are ſuppoſed to have the talent of commanding fortune equal to the Piedmonteſe. After having gained ſuch a remarkable victory, I made a ſignal to the Doctor, and we went away.

Well ſaid he, you ſee that fortune is equally inconſtant at play as in war. Another ſuch meeting as this, and you will have entirely effaced the remembrance of your laſt night's adventure. You can't think how I am delighted with this turn of fortune. I thanked him very calmly. Happy character, cried he, always the ſame in proſperity and adverſity! With this ſort of chat we paſſed the time till we got to Mademoiſelle * * *'s. My chearful ſerene looks, aided with a glance from the

the eye of the Doctor, made them divine at my entering that I brought good news;—he immediately informed the ladies.—Oh! how I am delighted ſaid Mademoiſelle, loading me with careſſes, but after this you muſt be wiſe and leave off play.—I am very much of that opinion added the prudent Doctor.—As for a little party ſuch as our *vingt-un* the other night, replied the mother with an affected air, that does no harm, one can go to bed after that, as if nothing had happened. She then gave vent to a parcel of pathetic common place ſayings againſt the fatal effects of gaming, and was not ſparing of anecdotes which the phyſician took care to ſoften by ſome limitations which he was impatient to ſubjoin. This converſation was continued till ſupper was pretty well over;—at every ſtroke of morality which the old lady let fly at me, the young one, leaning upon me with the moſt amorous glances, do you underſtand all this, ſaid ſhe, my good friend.

Thus the evening ſlipped away, and while I was delighted with the zeal of the ladies, the Doctor diſappeared without acquainting me, and went home in my carriage. In a few minutes after I retired with Mademoiſelle * * *. Well! ſaid ſhe, you have won then? Keep this money it will bring you good luck. Nothing more was wanted to inflame my prodigal temper, and for

that

that very reaſon I would ſhare my winnings with her. She refuſed it with warmth, and I was more than an hour before I could prevail with her;—yielding at laſt to my entreaties, I will keep it for you, ſaid ſhe, and if ever you are in ill luck you ſhall find it here. Delighted with her idea I gave her the whole ſum, which ſhe tumbled into her purſe. The purſe of an opera girl is like the gulph of Acheron, neither of them ever yield up their prey. All the money of the Bank of England might get in, but to recover any, *hic labor, hoc opus eſt.*

Such was the fate of money gained with ſo much trouble and ſuch good fortune. It will be ſeen that I was not more lucky in the uſe I made of that for which the Marquis was my debtor.

DAY THE FIFTH.

Stock-Jobbing. Great-Buſineſs. A vexing Diſcovery.

I Left Mademoiſelle ***** next day about mid-day, and met the Doctor on entering the hotel. I was told at the gate that he had been waiting two hours with impatience. "My dear Lord, ſaid he, I have been here a great while, and having an affair of conſequence to communicate to you, I watched the moment of your return. I come from that unfortunate Marquis whom you treated ſo roughly yeſterday at play. He came to me very early this morning;—poor man, how I pitied him! The people of this country have not ſuch immenſe fortunes as in England. He is quite diſtracted. As the laws of honour ordain that he ſhould pay you in twenty-four hours, he has been obliged to acquaint his father-in-law, the Baron de ****, with his diſtreſs. He undoubtedly thought he had reaſon to expect ſome aſſiſtance from his purſe, but there he has likewiſe been deceived. Great as is the Baron's fortune, his enterpriſing ſpirit frequently occaſions his coffers to be empty. The unfortunate Marquis does not know what

to

to do.—Well! let him take his own time, I am in no hurry for payment."—" That is very obliging, but allow me to ſpeak to you ingenuouſly.

" It is a bad maxim to let debts at play lie over; for it not only expoſes one to give revenge, which makes an endleſs affair of it, but likewiſe deprives us of all our advantages:—your intention is not to ſpend your life at the gaming-table. Revolving the matter in my own mind, I have thought of a project by which you will be paid immediately, and even with conſiderable advantage; but I do not know whether it will be agreeable to you. — Explain yourſelf, Doctor, and I will give you my ſentiments. — Beſides, it may turn out ſo as to indemnify you the expences of your tour to Paris.—I underſtand you ſtill leſs than before. — Tis true, it requires a little patience, and likewiſe ſome ſmall turn for ſpeculation.—Well, let us hear it. — I pray you, my dear Lord, if you pleaſe to attend; I have your intereſt at heart, and it is that only which has inſpired me with the idea I am now going to mention to you; the thought is entirely my own: there is nothing certain, but I have the ſtrongeſt hopes of ſucceeding.

" The Baron has certainly one of the ableſt heads that nature ever organized: his ſpecu-

lations are equally deep and certain; beſides, the faith of the public flies to meet all his projects, and the moſt brilliant ſucceſs has taught it to put a true value upon them:—upon this laſt occaſion, he has even ſurpaſſed himſelf.

"Spain has long concealed unknown treaſures in the bowels of the earth, and while ſhe has been employed at a very great expence in heaping up thoſe of the new world, the others have lain neglected; but the eye of genius penetrates every where. The Baron, whoſe views never fail, ſuſpects that there are more precious metals to be found in Spain than Peru and Potoſi both produce*. There is a ſcheme on foot for opening theſe deep mines once more. This will require a great expence, and therefore muſt be ſupported by a powerful company, compoſed of a certain number of ſubſcribers. This rich and well-founded enterprize has acquired the greateſt credit. I have thought, my Lord, of taking the preſent opportunity to obtain a ſhare for you of the immenſe riches which are here promiſed.—I cannot conceive how that is to be done.—Yet nothing in the world can be more ſimple. The

* The author may be here charged with committing a miſtake, for the mines of Potoſi are in Peru; but perhaps he did this the better to expoſe the ignorance of the blundering cheat.

fifteen

fifteen hundred louis d'ors which is owing you, ſhall ſerve for a part of this valuable acquiſition. Perhaps you will be obliged to add ſomething, but it is money well laid out. I preſume ſufficiently upon my credit with the Baron, to engage him to transfer one of the ſubſcriptions which ſtill remains in his hands, to you."— "Truly, my dear Doctor, you are an admirable fellow: Do you imagine that the Baron does not know the value of theſe ſhares too well, to let him conſent to ſuch a bargain?—Leave the management of that to me, he is as generous as he is wiſe, and no man can put a higher value upon liberal actions. He has the moſt tender affection for his family, and I will take it upon myſelf to let him know your behaviour to his ſon-in-law; nothing is wanting but a little addreſs to manage this buſineſs. Do you know, my Lord, between ourſelves, this will be a maſter ſtroke! A reſidence in this capital, which proves ruinous to other people, will be a lucky period to you, by adding to your fortune; which, upon my honour, I believe infallible.— I deliver the management of my affairs entirely into your hands, ſaid I to him, with thankfulneſs. The Doctor praiſed the goodneſs of my diſpoſition, and congratulated himſelf upon the fortunate thought.

While he was gone to labour for ſo ſerious a purpoſe as the increaſe of my fortune, my uſual employments engaged me for the morning, and I waited with impatience for the iſſue of a negotiation which made me look for ſuch important advantages. The Doctor, who was not a leſs ſkilful agent than an expert Mercury, ſoon reappeared, holding in his hand a very beautiful fragment of the mineral. "Here," ſaid he, "is a ſpecimen of the ore which has been taken from the inexhauſtible ſource of your future riches; it is almoſt pure ſilver.—I looked attentively at this ſample, which gave me an opinion of thoſe hidden treaſures that were concealed under the earth in Tobozo.—It will coſt you ſome addition to the fifteen hundred louis, but that is only ſowing to reap a hundred fold. Nobody could act more diſintereſtedly upon the occaſion than the Baron;—every ſhare is worth more than a hundred thouſand livres tournois, upon the Exchange in this great city, and at that price people graſp at them, but he gives you this for twenty four thouſand crowns, which will be juſt an addition of fifteen hundred louis to the ſum which is owing to you. While the Doctor was redoubling his perſuaſions, I was redoubling my folly and credulity. He carried me to take a family dinner at the Hotel de ****, where

where there was ſome converſation on buſineſs, and I was loaded with careſſes. In a few hours I quitted them with a fine caſtle in the air for my three thouſand guineas, and my head filled with wind and chimeras.

I once more curtailed my pocket-book of fifteen hundred louis, which I was obliged to add to my winnings, and I thought I had ſtruck a capital ſtroke. To a day, which was ſo diſtinguiſhed by the ſmiles of fortune, ſucceeded an evening of the greateſt diſſipation. Conſidering my maſterly ſpeculation, my paſt pleaſures had coſt me ſo little, that I was reſolved to multiply them in future. I run about to all the places of public entertainment, and, after having given a grand ſupper to Sir Walter, and ſome other friends, my ſenſes warmed with good cheer, and my ſpirits animated with flattering hopes, I got back to the happy ſtreet de Richlieu.

It was very late, and Mademoiſelle ***** having probably concluded that I was as ſeriouſly engaged as I had been two nights before with Major Saggs, ſhe no longer expected me. However, obſerving by the windows of her apartment that there was ſtill light, I went trippingly up ſtairs, and croſſing the anti-chamber which the careleſsneſs of the ſervants had left open, I penetrated without noiſe into the ſaloon; but what

what was my ſurprize and horror, when I perceived ſome unknown perſon upon a ſopha in the arms of my miſtreſs. My entrance put a ſtop to their pleaſures—fear and confuſion ſucceeded. This was not all; for I was ſtruck dumb when the perſon who had been enjoying thoſe rights which I thought were reſerved for me alone, roſe up and diſcovered his face. Rage and indignation rendered me quite ſtupid for a minute. He was no other perſon than the creditor for the ſmall debt, the mercileſs Mr. Rag; but very different from what he appeared the day before. Elegant as a dancing-maſter, with hair dreſſed like an Abbé, he was ſo metamorphoſed, that he muſt have been unknown to every eye but that of an enraged lover.

Being a little recovered, I ſcreamed aloud, and regaining the door, ſhut it with violence:—penſive and confuſed, I returned to my hotel, where I paſſed a ſleepleſs night, diſtracted with jealouſy and ſhame, at ſeeing myſelf ſo tricked. I did not conceive, at that time, that theſe accidents were common, and proved the ordinary cataſtrophe of all the intrigues which are entered into with the ladies of the Opera.

DAY THE SIXTH.

Bitter Reflections. A change of the Scene. An honourable Visit. A Relapse.

DURING the whole of this unhappy night, I experienced the most cruel and afflicting reflections. Though overwhelmed with shame at the thoughts of my being such a dupe, yet it was with difficulty that my strugling reason could get the better of my bewitched senses. At last my pride armed with reflection took the lead, and probably if I had not called the perfidious seducer of my youth to my assistance, the issue of this affair might have been sufficient to prevent any succeeding follies;—acquainted with the treacheries of a mercenary love, I never once suspected that the appearance of friendship could be prostituted in the same manner. I accused the Doctor of being as credulous as myself, and my sincere and unsuspecting nature never once conceived a thought of his being an accomplice in a treachery of which I could scarce imagine the hideousness.

Early in the morning I sent to enquire for him. I was impatient to give vent to my trouble and mortification in his bosom. The infallible prospect

pect of all the wealth of Spain, might in vain flatter my avarice, and offer an ample indemnification for the money ſquandered upon Mademoiſelle * * *;—this is not the prevailing paſſion of a vain young man. My vanity was not by any means comforted, and it always returned to preſent a horrid and diſguſting image to my reſentment, although my jealouſy was extinguiſhed.

I expected the Doctor with the moſt anxious impatience; every inſtant ſeemed to be an age. At laſt he appeared half dreſſed, ſo violently had he been hurried by my meſſenger. Well ſaid I, with a faultring accent confounded with paſſion, they have deceived me with the moſt affronting abuſe; would you believe it? Who has? replied he, quite diſconcerted. That abominable woman of whom you had ſo favourable an opinion.—Is that poſſible? Poſſible! it is a fact... This very night I ſurpriſed.... oh I cannot tell you my juſt rage.—How my Lord? I pray you explain yourſelf. What! my dear friend, a raſcal, a pitiful ſcoundrel to whom but two days ago I paid a pretended debt. Ah! ha! I fall from the ſkies; O abominable ſex cried he, throwing up his eyes and joining his two enormous hands, theſe are your humours! Ah! what do you tell me! this girl whoſe ſentiments had ſo deceived me! A number of theſe kind of women have their caprices, but ſhe was one whom I never could have ſuſpected. We

We both looked at one another in ſilence for ſome time. The Doctor, putting on an air of reflection, at laſt ſpoke in a more aſſured tone.—After all, however diſagreeable it may be, it is fortunate that you made the diſcovery, in time. You went on a little too faſt; it would have been a great pity to have continued your generoſity to ſo unworthy an object. Forgive to my friendſhip the freedom of the expreſſion, but the ſhorteſt follies are the beſt.—Far from calming my rage, theſe laſt words of the Doctor made me appear ſilly in my own eyes; then flying out of the bounds in which I had hitherto reſtrained myſelf, I gave vent to ridiculous threats, and childiſh imprecations.—My ſage Mentor, employed all his eloquence to make me conceive the meanneſs, and even the danger of expoſing her: for which purpoſe he began to give me a detail of the infamous prerogatives of all the women whoſe names are inſerted in the liſt of the Royal Academy of Muſic. At laſt by haranguing upon the conſequences of a noiſe and ſcandal which was both indecent and unneceſſary, he ſo far ſucceeded as to bring me a little to myſelf.

That ſerioufneſs which ſuch circumſtances had naturally introduced into our diſcourſe, brought on a truce with that delirium to which I had been a prey from the firſt moment I had ſet foot in

Paris, and it was in this firſt interval that I recollected that there was a Chevalier * * lived there, to whom I had letters of recommendation from Lords Hol .... and Shel.... It was rather late to make uſe of them. If any thing could plead my excuſe for this negligence, it was the never having once heard ſo reſpectable a name mentioned among all the originals with whom I had aſſociated from the time of my arrival. I informed the Doctor of this;—O! my God, I am your man cried he, with emphaſis; the Chevalier has not a dearer nor a better friend in the world than I am; why did you not mention this ſooner? but it is not neceſſary to tell him how long you have been in Paris.—Will he not know it, replied I? for it is one of the ſtupid conceits of all our giddy young men who make a ſplendid appearance, to imagine that the eyes of the whole world is attending them. He! no truly replied the phyſician; he is a mortal abſorbed in profound and abſtract ſtudies, who out of choice withdraws from the world, and whoſe ſocial indolence always turns his eyes from what paſſes elſewhere.

Comforted by this deſcription of the Chevalier * *, I got into my carriage, under the eſcort of the Doctor, and we went to Neuilly. In fact the Doctor ſeemed to me to be exceeding familiar in the houſe. If the reception of the maſter had

kept

kept pace with that of the people whom we met at entering, I ſhould have concluded that his credit was ſtill greater with the Chevalier ** than in the hotel de * * * * *.

At laſt the Chevalier appeared;—he ſeemed to be a man about forty, of a noble figure, whoſe countenance bore the ſtrongeſt marks of benevolence and ſenſibility. The ſimplicity and eaſe of his manners ſoon baniſhed all reſtraint. His great knowledge of the world, added to the moſt amiable temper, and a ſuperior underſtanding, fit him for every company, for every time, and every circumſtance. I obſerved that he paid very great attention to the recommendations I had delivered. In a very little time, I was as much at my eaſe with him as a man could be, who had in his head ſuch a doſe of folly as was at that time fermenting in mine.

I was kept to dine with the Chevalier;—the gueſts who came there were men well known for their eminent talents, Meſſrs ***, **, the Chevalier ***; but the gravity of the ſciences, and the awkward manner which frequently accompanies deep and continued ſtudy, made no deviation from the politeſt manners among them. I regret exceſſively, that I had not laid in a ſufficient ſtock of knowledge to reliſh the mixture of the uſeful with the agreeable, that I might have attached myſelf from that time to thoſe

people whoſe friendſhip I cultivate at preſent with equal profit and pleaſure.

To this company was added that of another young gentleman. The moment that he arrived, the countenance of the maſter of the houſe ſeemed to expand; he appeared as much pleaſed as a father could be with the ſight of a ſon, for whom he had the moſt tender predilection. The long phiz of the long Doctor, on the contrary, appeared twice as long as uſual. Without taking much notice of him, Bouillac (the young man) very ſoon bore a conſiderable part in the converſation. I could not help admiring the turn of his whole diſcourſe, nor the extent of his immenſe and lively imagination. He ſpoke both the French language and ours with equal eaſe; and, as every object preſented itſelf, he ſtrewed it with flowers, or ſprinkled it with gall. He was hearkened to with pleaſure, but it was not poſſible to avoid reproaching him in one's own mind, for that ſatirical turn which the Chevalier could not abſolutely excuſe in him, notwithſtanding the exceſſive partiality he always ſeemed to entertain in his favour.

All the attempts which the Doctor made to give himſelf an appearance of conſequence in this houſe, aſſiſted by my prejudice in his favour, could not conceal from me the nothingneſs into which he ſunk in preſence of this aſſembly.

He

He ſpoke not one word, and ſeemed to be quite annihilated. From the moment that Bouillac made his appearance, his deciſive imperious air inſtantly vaniſhed. Diſconcerted and trembling, from an apprehenſion of Bouillac's ſarcaſtic turn, he had recourſe to a clandeſtine portrait of the wit, which he whiſpered to me, repreſenting him as a man more hateful and dangerous, than eloquent and ingenious.

I very ſoon diſcovered reaſons for the Doctor's endeavouring to inſpire me with ſuch an idea. The ſatirical Bouillac moſt ſeverely lampooned almoſt all the people to whom the Doctor had introduced me. He mentioned no names, but every daſh of his pencil declared who they were. Although I have been able ſince that time to diſcover that it was an enthuſiaſtic regard for good men, and a hatred againſt the worthleſs, which inſpired him, I could not help frequently blaming him for the ſeverity of the ridicule which he ſo freely ſcattered around him. As I was the Doctor's friend, and prepoſſeſſed in favour of thoſe people whom Bouillac mangled, I deteſted a ſatirical temper, and was chiefly mortified at the contempt with which he ſeemed to include my companion in his cenſure. Nevertheleſs he ſpoke ſo exceeding well, that if I had not been prejudiced in favour of the people whom he was deſcribing, inſtead of a violent

lent and ſevere Juvenal, I ſhould have thought him an Addiſon in his moſt pathetic emotions. The Chevalier * * enquired what acquaintance I had made at Paris, and if I had got maſters of every kind proper for inſtructing a young man of my rank. To prevent the detail which I might give in replying to all theſe queſtions, the Doctor took it upon him to anſwer them himſelf. He ſpoke of the progreſs I had made under the Abbé F . . . and the Sieur G . . . and added that I was to go very ſoon to the academy of D . . . G. . . The chapter of the acquaintance he had procured for me was ſlightly touched. He ſpoke with ſome reſerve of my connection with the Baron, and repreſented it as a thing purely accidental; and dexterouſly evading all mention of the mine of Tobozo; no notice was taken either of that wonderful acquiſition, nor of the ſhare which he had in procuring it.

While the phyſician was ſcampering over all theſe articles, Bouillac, with a malicious ſmile, multiplied his queſtions, and diverted himſelf with encreaſing the Doctor's embarraſsment. The Chevalier * * gravely put an end to his mauling ſkirmiſhes and perpetual ironies, by giving a more ſerious turn to the converſation. It would be much better, my Lord, if you frequented

quented different circles from thoſe into which you are fallen. In ſuch you will not learn to know either the country nor its manners. Beſides, take care, for rich and young as you are, you will meet with many ſnares; this country is full of them, but more eſpecially among the women;—with the men you may loſe your money, with them the riſk is of greater conſequence. Here, Bouillac looking at the Doctor, ſaid, O! that is very well, what you loſe with them, my Lord, the Doctor will recover for you:—he has had wonderful experience that way among ſo many young Engliſhmen.

To this malicious ſtroke, he added a long and entertaining commentary upon the text which the Chevalier * * had now furniſhed. He gave a deſcription of the tiring rooms, their dangers, and the unravelling of the adventures which are there to be met with: I was almoſt perſuaded that he knew my hiſtory;—I bluſhed, and my dear Mentor loſt all patience. The whole company laughed heartily at the ſpirit and warmth of his portraits. The Doctor whiſpered in my ear, this man has the tongue of a ſerpent, I believe he wont leave off to day; and, in a few minutes after, dreading the impreſſions that might be made upon me, he deſired I would take leave.

Well,

Well, my Lord, ſaid the Doctor, as we were returning, you have ſeen the *beaux-eſprits* and the learned, with their ordinary retinue, enthuſiaſm and cenſure:—You ſee it is needleſs to talk, they are a woeful ſet. Vanity, indeed, may find ſome gratification by going there; but let me do juſtice to the Chevalier **; he has been a lover of pleaſure, and was of eaſy acceſs; but ſince this curſed Bouillac has ſeduced him by his prating, there is a total change. Even I, who now ſpeak to you, uſed to rule the roaſt in that houſe; but, ſince this fellow has got his head in, I never go there without leaving it diſſatisfied. I cannot conceive how it comes about, that people are ſo ſilly to encourage him: they do not know him; he is at bottom a very vicious character, but without a penny to gratify his paſſions, yet vain of his wretched abilities; to make amends, he ſets up for another Cato, makes every woman a laughing-ſtock, and tears all the men in pieces.

I honeſtly confeſs to you, that if I could have foreſeen that we ſhould have met with him at the Chevalier **'s, I would have begged of you to defer our viſit to another day. That man is mad; his diſorder is infectious. Would you believe, that by his going ſo frequently there, things are come to ſuch a paſs, that the Chevalier

valier ** does not believe one word I ſay? The warmth of the Doctor's harangue made a ſtrong impreſſion upon my mind. "Truly," ſaid I, "it is ſomething inconceivable; this young man has a great deal of wit, but certainly he muſt have a bad heart."—"O! an abominable heart," replied the Doctor, "every thing that he lays his hand on becomes blighted. The moſt innocent amuſements he repreſents as monſtrous;—the ſlighteſt gallantry, as horrid debauchery;—to have the leaſt foible for play, the man muſt be either a wretched bubble, or a ſyſtematical ſharper: even I, my Lord, who now ſpeak to you, becauſe I have had a ſmall ſhare of condeſcenſion for my friends, he has a hundred times in his malicious repreſentations, drawn ſuch a caricature of me, as to ſet me forth for the meaneſt and moſt determined pimp. —O, the wicked wretch!—Did you mind the furious raillery which he let fly at the Baron *****; it is pure envy, my Lord, becauſe that perſon has the greateſt pretenſions. Let us talk no more of this man; I adviſe you to ſhun him, becauſe he is both artful and ſeducing." I aſſured the Doctor, that he ſhould not deceive me.

I had formed no ſcheme to paſs the evening, and of courſe was quite diſengaged;—I had that ſerious look which tireſome liſtleſſneſs and a want

of employment paints upon the face. The Doctor knew how near ſuch a ſituation approaches to reflection with an Engliſhman. "Well," ſaid he, "we muſt endeavour to drive away thoſe melancholy reflections which ſo much learning and malignity, as you have heard this evening, could not fail to inſpire. Come with me to **, and he will wipe away every impreſſion. I ſubmitted.

** was that ſame banker whom the Doctor's officious zeal had recommended to me at our firſt meeting, and, on our arrival there, we met with the ſtrangeſt medley that ever was ſeen. That which we ſaw at the Baron ***'s, was nothing like it. If pleaſure could be produced and ſupported in a confuſion, here is certainly her temple and aſylum. The maſter of the houſe, a great ſyſtem-monger and extravagant layer of wagers, an aſtoniſhing and ridiculous compound of French ſelf-conceit, and the madneſs which poſſeſſes the ſupporters of our Engliſh-coffee-houſes, received me with much more clutter than true politeneſs.

He preſented an old man to me, whoſe features ſtrongly reſembled thoſe of the wheedling Colonel Cunning, but ſomething more of the Jew. He was the jack-pudding of the family. This man, by talking ſmut, thought himſelf wonderfully facetious;

facetious; and, at ſeventy years of age, for the joke's ſake, took it into his head to marry a pretended Agnes of fourteen. The follies which this perſon affected to aſſume, on purpoſe to amuſe thoſe that would laugh, procured him ready admiſſion into ſeveral conſiderable houſes: the employment of buffoon is voluntary, and the beſt of any now-a-days among the people of faſhion. Thus, he has found a covert way, by which his avarice carries its point, and, making himſelf drolly contemptible, he has riſen from want and indigence.

The ſecond perſonage who ſhone in this circle was a little ſquat fellow, with a petulant tongue and face beſpangled with carbuncles; his voice hoarſe and piercing. He was a true Silenus. This man had formerly made a good deal of noiſe under the name of my Lord ✱✱. After having been plundered by a celebrated courtiſan, he was reduced to take the more modeſt name, of Mr. ✱✱, by turns taking poſſeſſion of the Baſtile and the Fort l'Eveque*, and, if a conſiderable fortune had not fallen to him to relieve him from the effects of his miſconduct, he was in a fair way of finiſhing his career by B✱✱✱.

* The Baſtile and Fort l'Eveque are different priſons in Paris.

There was a third actor, who figured moſt worthily with the other two. He was an Engliſh fugitive, who had been a pay-maſter in the army, and had diſappeared with a conſiderable ſum of money in his pocket, and by making a ſkilful retreat, contrived to ſubſiſt in this capital among a parcel of common ſtrumpets, in an obſcure retreat, at the extremity of the ſuburbs. A multitude of ſtock-jobbers, of all kinds and conditions, formed groupes, differently engaged; either at play, or entertaining the reſt of the company with a ſilly converſation on politics. On the one ſide, the dæmon of filthy lucre had breathed forth all the tranſports of his gloomy rage; while on the other, mad ſpeculation was venting all her abſurdities.

Upon this occaſion the Doctor deceived himſelf, for in ſpite of all his efforts to ſtamp a value upon Mr. ** and his houſe, I could find nothing engaging in it, and, for the firſt time ſince my arrival in Paris, preſuming to judge for myſelf, I made but a very ſhort viſit. I had the contraſt of ſuch different objects as were preſented to me in the courſe of the day, under my eyes, and it muſt have had ſalutary effects, if the expert phyſician had not immediately, upon our quitting this houſe, changed his battery. He led me away to take an airing at the *Palais Royal*, which is the moſt common ſcene to meet with adventures.

adventures. That which I am going to relate, happened, at leaſt, in appearance, without any previous preparation, and was the effect of unexpected chance; although the extenſive views of the ſagacious Doctor could go as great a length, and produce ſuch circumſtances as imperceptibly.

I met Sir Walter in the great walk, and he propoſed that we ſhould go and ſup in the neighbourhood of the Palace. I accepted the invitation, and he led me to the houſe of the famous Mademoiſelle **. For about a month he had entangled himſelf with this inſatiable woman, and ſhe had preyed upon the Baronet's liberality with her uſual rapaciouſneſs.

Mademoiſelle ** poſſeſſed a ſmall, elegant, and convenient hotel; the magnificent richneſs of its decorations diſplayed the follies of which ſhe had been the cauſe; and, all that I had found ſo brilliant with Mademoiſelle *** was reduced, when compared with this, to an elegant neatneſs, and to meer convenience. It was nothing to what was before my eyes at preſent.

Several antichambers, as well as the ſtairs which led to them, were filled with a multitude of lackeys dreſſed in different liveries; and of courſe I expected to find a numerous circle of people of faſhion in the apartments. In paſſing this croud I ob-

I obſerved that ſeveral of theſe gentlemen in company with the Abigails, had parodied moſt excellently the paſſionate deſires and gallant manners of their maſters to the miſtreſſes.—At laſt we arrived at the ſanctuary. What a multitude of ſacrificers ſurrounded the idol! I was preſented by Sir Walter. On ſeeing this celebrated courtiſan, I found her figure fall far ſhort of the idea I had been made to conceive of her, from the admiration ſhe had met with both in London and Paris. I cannot deny however that ſhe had in a very great degree, that alluring manner which ſets off beauty to the greateſt advantage, and is ſtill more captivating. I ſhall furniſh a proof by the effects it had upon me. The reception was polite and courteous, and I was very much pleaſed.

Mademoiſelle * * had a female companion as well as the traitreſs * * * *, who, according to the preſcription, was not ſo handſome. She was ſaid to be a couſin, whom notwithſtanding the inequality of charms and attractions, Mademoiſelle intended to *advance*; a common expreſſion here, for thoſe who aſpire after the honours of war, and all thoſe courtiſans who aim at ſettlements. Having paid my compliments to the miſtreſs of the houſe, the couſin came next in courſe. I heard her, while ſhe was leaning towards the other, whiſper in her ear;—what! is that the poor little

little Lord ***; truly he is very handſome. She was very much in the wrong, and well deſerved what has happened to her. I bluſhed, and could not poſitively determine within myſelf whether it proceeded from a ſenſe of ſhame or ſatisfaction at her diſcourſe. My vanity was at the ſame time mortified and flattered, and theſe two emotions were confounded together.

The numerous and ſplendid court which ſurrounded theſe ladies conſiſted of people quite unknown to me. Sir Walter, whoſe connections with her could not fail to connect him likewiſe with her friends, introduced me to the Marquis de * * and Mr. de * *. I recollected that the Doctor had quoted them as the flower of the *Agreeables*; I was likewiſe made acquainted with the Count de *, and the Chevalier de * *, and ſome others of inferior fame in the chronicles of gallantry.

The two firſt whom I have mentioned ſeemed to have the prerogative of being the founders in theſe apartments, and they, though Sir Walter defrayed all the expence, did the honours, but with ſuch grace and ſo little affectation, that in the Baronet's place, I ſhould have thought myſelf obliged to them. In my firſt emotions of admiration, I compared within myſelf, the tone and graceful deportment of theſe elegant perſonages

to

to the heavy aukward lumpiſh pretenſions of our *Engliſh Maccaronies*, or even the dull inſipid copy which I had met in ſome of the imitators at the Baron de * * *. Ah! ſaid I to myſelf, how a Frenchman is priviledged by nature, and formed for the *graces*. They fly from us ruſticks as we are! The charming and elegant Cheſterfield was perfectly right to propoſe ſuch models for his ſon, but how unworthy of his inſtructions was this child of love! In a word how much was he an Engliſhman!

The cold inanimate Sir Walter, although he paid the piper for all theſe friſking Frenchmen, had ſuch an ungainly air with him, that I ſhould have pardoned Mademoiſelle * *'s committing a miſtake like the indelicate Mademoiſelle * * *. Even I myſelf ſhould have thought her excuſable, if inſtead of the ſcoundrel Mr. Rag, ſhe had found ſuch a ſubſtitute.

In ſuch agreeable company the remembrance of my diſgrace was inſenſibly forgotten. A noble emulation took poſſeſſion of me and fairly baniſhed it. It is probable that my firſt attempts to ſhake off my Engliſh ſtiffneſs, only encreaſed my aukwardneſs;—they laughed in their ſleeves, and the praiſes which they beſtowed upon my good mien and eaſy carriage, could be nothing but ſevere mockery. However, as Mademoiſelle * *

ſpoke

ſpoke tolerable Engliſh, I had an opportunity of diſplaying my gallantry;—I was a little leſs ſilent. As to graceful manners, which I wanted, I inwardly wiſhed that I might come and form myſelf expeditiouſly in ſo good a ſchool.

At ſupper they did me the honour of placing me between the two couſins. The cheer which I had partaken of with Mademoiſelle ***** in the ſtreet de Richlieu, was delicate and exquiſite; but here was the profuſion of Nomentanus. With the people of rank, who were the greateſt part of the gueſts, were mixed ſome artiſts and virtuoſi, whoſe talents improved the entertainment. Play having ſucceeded to a ſplendid repaſt, I gave up to it with prudence, and came very well off.

All the time that I remained at Mademoiſelle **'s, ſhe had not once deſiſted from talking with me, on pretence of her being the only perſon in company who could ſpeak Engliſh; ſhe had even treated me with a degree of attention that would have alarmed any man but Sir Walter. I frequently accuſed her within myſelf, of ingratitude and imprudence. The cool, temperate Baronet happily had more pride than love, and the miſeries which this laſt paſſion occaſions, made no impreſſion upon him; but I did not

continue long without receiving a key to this extraordinary conduct from both parties. The Baronet informed me, that his affairs required his preſence in London, and that he ſhould ſet out in two days. The lady, no doubt, thought beforehand, of filling up the vacancy which was ſo near at hand, in a manner worthy of her pretenſions, and, for that purpoſe, ſhe had learnt by experience, to prefer the Engliſh. I ought, undoubtedly, to have treated with contempt, theſe motives of preference, ſo eaſily to be diſcovered, but I was miſled by vanity and reſentment. At a time of life, when reaſon is ſeldom hearkened to, and in a place where ſo much pains is taken to baniſh or intoxicate it, it is ſcarce poſſible to take its advice. I went away exceſſively flattered, and conſequently very ſenſible of the advances which were already made me, and of the opportunity which preſented to vex the abominable Mademoiſelle *****.

The Doctor, who during the whole evening, ſeemed to have loſt ſight of me, and to attach himſelf to the *agreeables* of Mademoiſelle **'s company, had not in the leaſt ſtudied my looks, or divined my diſpoſition. He was a man who did not think of oppoſing them, but ſo far as was abſolutely neceſſary to ſhelter himſelf, in caſe of accidents,

accidents, while at bottom he was ſtrengthening them. For that purpoſe, he ſhewed his uſual dexterity. He quitted me at my gate, leaving me to reflections leſs moral than thoſe of the morning. In expectation of ſleep, my mind was employed in forming projects of pleaſure and revenge.

DAY THE SEVENTH.

Sequel of my amorous Deſigns. A humorous Diſcourſe between an eminent Courteſan, and an expert Valet de Chambre. An extraordinary Converſation.

MY enthuſiaſm of the evening returned with the new day. What a difference, ſaid I to myſelf, between our clumſy *Roaſt-beefs*, and thoſe wonderful men whom I ſaw laſt night. Ah! if I could but reſemble them. The lovely Mademoiſelle * * ſhall let me into the ſecret. It is well worth another little attack upon my pocket-book.

Whatever pretence the hope of acquiring ſuch eminent perfections could afford to my growing love for this beauty, my ridiculous adventure with Mademoiſelle *****, was ſo recent, that I felt ſome ſcruples and ſome folly in embarking ſo ſoon again, upon a ſea where I had lately met ſo humiliating a ſhip-wreck. I was engaged in ſome ſuch reflections, when my valet-de-chambre Provence came to wait my getting out of bed.

I had been accuſtomed to tell my ſecrets to this worthy ſervant.—A young man muſt always have

have a ſervant to be his confidant, who, half domeſtic, half companion of his maſter, muſt have all the addreſs and ſubtilty of a footman in a comedy. Provence held this employment with me. Accordingly, I acquainted him with my new flame, and all my projects. Thanks to the Doctor, this man had been ſuſpended from his functions and his fees, during the preceding adventure, and eagerly ſeized the opportunity of re-inſtating himſelf. He ſet out; and having executed his commiſſion, very ſoon returned to acquaint me with his ſucceſs.

As my emiſſary entered, and was ready with open mouth to give me the recital of his negotiation, he perceived the Doctor, who had come to viſit me while he had been abſent. At ſight of him he ſtopped;—it was eaſy to be obſerved by this concealment, the dread which he had of ſeeing the conduct of this important affair wreſted out of his hands. The Doctor dexterouſly hiding his ſuſpicions, affected diſcretion, and offered to retire, if I had any ſecret or urgent buſineſs. No, no, my dear Doctor, ſaid I to him, ſmiling, I don't know wherefore M. Provence is diſconcerted; I do not deſire to conceal any thing from you: on the contrary, you ſhall know my good fortune, or my diſgrace, at the ſame time that I am informed myſelf; but you muſt firſt be made acquainted with the affair in agitation.

The

The entertainment of laſt night has ranked me among the admirers of Mademoiſelle **, but that ſentiment has not become ſufficiently powerful as yet, to make me ſuffer greatly if I miſcarry; though, at the ſame time, I thought I could perceive the fair one ſhewed me ſome very ſly and ſignificant proofs of her attention.—Yes, very ſignificant, truly, ſaid he, and to tell you my opinion freely, on ſeeing her eternally whiſpering in your ear, I imagined you was pretty far advanced; however, take care, for your Lordſhip knows by experience, how little women are to be truſted! O! replied I, we muſt overlook ſome little errors: if we were perpetually to think of the ſtorm, who would ever go to ſea? Beſides, my dear Doctor, it would be very unjuſt in you to ſuſpect every woman, becauſe you have been deceived by the affected prudery of Mademoiſelle *****. My Lord, anſwered he, it is not that I wiſh to reſent the miſtaſte into which I was led; I have too ſtrong an attachment to you not to be guided by motives which do not affect myſelf—Very well my friend, I thank you, but I pray you do not ſtop me, when I am in ſo fair a way; if you love me, you will forgive me this frolick.

Well, Mr. Provence, ſaid I, where-abouts are we?—Not quite at the end of the romance, my

my Lord, ſaid he, but we are not a great way from it.—How of the Romance? Yes, the fair one, or rather the circumſtances are not favourable: but as for her, ſuch an exceſs of cruelty never once entered her heart, yet you muſt be content to languiſh for two whole long days, and at the end of the third your amorous torment will receive the wonted relief.—Wherefore then this delay?—Ah! my Lord, you muſt admire a probity ſo uncommon with ſuch ladies. She inſiſts upon keeping her vows made to Sir Walter, who entered into a contract with her, which does not expire till Monday evening: to day is Friday, but ſhe will not abate one quarter of an hour. To reckon from the preſent, there are exactly ſeventy and two hours, but then at the laſt of theſe, the very minute that the clock ſtrikes, you may, like the Sultan, diſpoſe of an obedient and ſubmiſſive Sultana.—Very well, replied I, that love of juſtice, deſerves a return of the ſame kind; "when Cæſar is paid, nothing more remains to be ſaid."—Juſtice! my Lord, this girl is juſtice herſelf—what is more, in buying her, you are ſure to obtain her, which is not the caſe with the other." Preciſely, in that moment when the Baronet's poſtilion ſmacks his whip, the love which ſhe had for him, departs and takes flight with his poſt-horſes: I carry her a thouſand

a thouſand guineas for the firſt week, and the love with which ſhe becomes inſpired for you, by my arrival, takes poſſeſſion of the place for eight days; you then command, and may lay in proviſion for another eight days, and thus go on, until the enemy, by ſimilar ways, forms a ſecret correſpondence in the town, and in his turn undermines us.—Neither the Doctor nor I could refrain from laughing.—This youth has wit, ſaid the Doctor, he is invaluable. Truly, I was ignorant of his merits.—Provence made a bow, and they were good friends from that moment.

I deſired my dextrous and ingenious valet to give a circumſtantial account, how he executed his commiſſion. I ſet out this morning, my Lord, ſaid he, more proud to execute your orders than Mercury, when going to Danae, on a meſſage from the father of the Gods. Having arrived at the place of my embaſſy, I thought proper to ſound the principal miniſters before I ſollicited an audience of the ſovereign. I wiſhed to know perfectly who was the chief favourite; I therefore paid court equally to Manon and Sophy; I perceived, however, that the laſt of theſe had carried Mademoiſelle her jelly-broth, and was a great while before ſhe returned. O! this muſt be the favourite, ſaid

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I to myſelf; they are actually holding a council, and we muſt be the ſubject of their deliberations. The confidant Abigail at laſt returned, and her chearful, ſmiling looks, made me preſume that I was welcome. Without ceremony, I took her aſide, to tell her that I had ſomething of conſequence to ſay to Mademoiſelle, but that I would wait her leiſure.—Truly, M. Provence, ſaid ſhe, 'tis very early, I don't know what to ſay; my miſtreſs is ſtill in bed, yet I am very well inclined to oblige you: but, if you have a letter, or billet-doux, I will take charge of it, and deliver it faithfully.—No, child, my commiſſion is verbal; I can ſpeak ſufficiently well to make writing totally unneceſſary.—Well, ſaid ſhe, the buſineſs becomes ſtill the more delicate; we have engagements, and my miſtreſs is a little ſcrupulous. That is right, but my dear heart we are rich, and know how to bring comfort to tender conſciences.—At laſt then, I muſt expoſe myſelf to be ſcolded for you. She ran nimbly up ſtairs, and after waiting a little, came tripping down again, to aſſure me that in a few minutes I ſhould be introduced.

Mademoiſelle, added the Abigail, deſires only that you would wait till ſhe gets out of bed, and in the mean time, has ordered me to aſk you to breakfaſt. At theſe words, ſhe led me into the pantry, and with her fair hand, preſented the

cup of ceremony to your plenipotentiary. Several ſlices of excellent ham, and ſix bumpers of Burgundy, inſpired me with that fire which made me ſhine when I was admitted afterwards to an audience.

I made my entry in the moſt reſpectful manner. The ſovereign, voluptuouſly reclined upon a ſopha, nodded gently with her head. How does my Lord, ſaid ſhe, there can be nothing more flattering, than at the very moment of waking, he ſhould be engaged about me. Madam, replied I, gallantly, it is ſo natural to be engaged about you in the morning, and ſuch a happineſs to be engaged with you in the evening! The Princeſs laughed at this ſally. You go on at a great rate, ſaid ſhe, ſtill laughing; did my Lord include this in your inſtructions? Madam, his method is to make his inſtructions ſhort and diſtinct, and, as I preſume, that like him, you do not love to laviſh words unneceſſarily; I come to make you an offer of his purſe and his heart.—My Lord is very good; ſuch offers are ſufficient to flatter the moſt beautiful of the ſex; and I wiſh to receive as I ought, ſuch an agreeable meſſage; but I am afraid that ſome other engagements: . . . however, added ſhe, the meſſenger muſt not go without his errand; and here, my Lord, ſhe made me the cuſtomary preſent.

preſent. Madam, ſaid I, making a low bow, we every day ſee one engagement yielding to another, which we think more pleaſing.—O! ſaid ſhe, to ſecure a ſucceſſion, with all my heart, but as I believe that my preſent connection will expire in three days, there is no neceſſity for breaking off abruptly.—Then at leaſt Madam, the treaty with my Lord may be concluded, and in the mean time, I may negotiate the preliminaries.—Very well replied the fair one, but there ſtill remains ſome little difficulty; I have made a kind of promiſe; if I was to conſult my taſte, to be ſure I would prefer my Lord infinitely, but in my ſituation it is ſo difficult to yield to our inclinations, and ſo dangerous to break certain promiſes! A foreigner of high rank and conſiderable fortune, has ſo begged, prayed, and intreated me, that I was obliged to give him ſomething more than hopes. We have even begun to treat, and if I ſhould diſmiſs him without either rhime or reaſon, it might occaſion ſome noiſe. He is a man whoſe temper is to be dreaded.—How to be dreaded!—Yes, he is—What! is he? A Confederate of Bar.—O! Madam! theſe people are not to be dreaded unleſs you are afraid of manifeſtos.—When they have not been able to ſtand againſt the Ruſſians, they muſt certainly give way to England. I perfectly know the me-

rit and aſcendency of Great-Britain, replied ſhe.—You are quite right, Madam, you ſhould hold faſt there.—In your place I would rather have a Bank-bill, than twenty mortgages on all the Palatinates, and Staroſties of the Republic.—I know their full value ſaid ſhe, but ſuch conſiderations have little influence when compared with my ſentiments in favour of your young maſter.—O! I am perſuaded of that, but ſtill theſe conſiderations ſhould have ſome weight, and I dare aſſure you that they will be well worth the trouble.—You are very ſeducing ſaid ſhe, but let me ſee, the two following days are irrevocably vowed to Sir Walter.—The third, ſaid I, belongs to us then.—Well, it muſt be ſo, ſaid ſhe, nothing can reſiſt Great-Britain.—I wiſh my Lord, that I could deſcribe to you the charming ſmile, which accompanied this capitulation. Proud of having routed this *Poſpolite*, and ſubduing the place under his noſe, I come to lay the keys at your Lordſhip's feet.—If the beginning of M. Provence's narrative entertained us, the concluſion was no leſs diverting and agreeable. We immediately held a council, and a magnificent knot of diamonds, which he was ordered to carry to her, ſerved to put the ſeal of confirmation to his embaſſy.

Two days of impatient expectation without reckoning the preſent. What torture! however ſome

ſome way muſt be found to fill up the hideous void. I conſulted the Doctor, and while we were diſcourſing ſeriouſly upon the ſubject, the Chevalier de * * came to viſit me, and we had an hour's converſation. All the ſcenes of diſſipation which I continued to ſhare in, could not hinder me from reliſhing a converſation, in which I found all the charms of good ſenſe, with an excellent heart. He propoſed to introduce me to his intimate friend the Count de * * *, and to ſome other houſes of the firſt rank in Paris. It was a fortunate circumſtance for me that the acceptance of this invitation would not interfere with my pleaſures. The two days which Mademoiſelle **'s ſcrupulous fidelity to her engagement, left me free, gave me an opportunity of profiting by his offers, and although the Doctor plainly diſcovered by his looks that he diſapproved of my zeal, I aſſured the Chevalier that I would go in the evening to the Hotel de * * * to be preſented.

The Chevalier's viſit being over, the Eſculapius told me he was afraid that I ſhould paſs my time but indifferently with the Count; but that a few tedious quarters of an hour would ſoon be over. He ſpoke this with a tone of voice where fear and ſadneſs viſibly ſhewed themſelves through the veil of an affected indifference, and with the look of a man who ſaw his prey ready to eſcape

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out of his hands. He ſtaid dinner and entertained me till ſix in the evening talking over the happineſs which awaited me after the third revolution of the ſun. We then parted, and I went to the Hotel de * * * where I found the Chevalier de * *.

I was very little diſpoſed to reliſh the excellent company who were there aſſembled. Neither my eyes nor my ears could be properly affected, becauſe I was not in a ſituation rightly to eſtimate the immenſe difference between the tone and manners of thoſe who compoſed this aſſembly, and the fooliſh abſurdities which I had ſeen in the equivocal circles, wherein I had hitherto ſtrayed. Men of abilities, and valuable women, were to me new objects; but I was not capable of judging of their real value, and I found their converſation a diſagreeable conſtraint. However, I believe my readers will not be offended, if I endeavour to recount an intereſting converſation, which, though mutilated from my want of a ſufficient memory, yet may form a contraſt to the wretched ſtuff with which he has hitherto been entertained. I yawned at that time, but I have frequently recollected it with pleaſure ſince the days of my being a trifling ſilly dupe.

To name the Count de * * * is to make his encomium. On that evening the eloquent and ingenious

genious Colonel B . . . ., who is a member of the Britiſh parliament, happened to be at the Count's hotel, which he frequented preferably to all others, during the time he remained in Paris; and on the contrary knew not even of the exiſtence of thoſe adventurers to whom I had given myſelf up. I likewiſe found there the Count de C——w, Counſellor of the Czarina, and Prince C . . . Theſe men, ſtill more illuſtrious by their perſonal qualities, than by their elevated rank, formed a conſtellation, whoſe rays fell in vain upon eyes ſo cloſely ſhut as mine. My introductor the Chevalier * *, and the three friends whom I had ſeen at his houſe, ſeemed to me to be received with that friendſhip and reſpect which elevated merit pays to that which is not ſo dignified.

Colonel B . . . . is never long in a circle ſo worthy of him, without politics becoming a ſubject of converſation; while he informs others, he always endeavours to acquire ſome uſeful lights, and he could not have fallen into better company. Our colonies were at that time taking the firſt ſteps to oppoſe the mother country. The firſt ſparks of that conflagration, which the ſpilling of much blood will not perhaps extinguiſh, but in a manner fatal to England, had juſt broke out. They looked forward to the ſequel of this event,

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and conſidered what was the true intereſt of France and Spain, if the American ſubjects ſhould become independent. Colonel B . . . declaimed in the tone of an Orator, which he had contracted by a habit of ſpeaking in the Houſe of Commons.—What conſequence is it to England whatever part two ſtates who have no naval ſtrength, may take in the quarrel which ſhe has with her American ſubjects? The immenſe barrier which the ocean has formed between the two hemiſpheres, ought to convince us that in ſpite of their attempts, ſhe will preſerve her power over thoſe numerous provinces who muſt ſubmit to her government, rather from their neceſſities, than from fear. The ſame fleet which ſerves to ſcour and ſubdue the coaſts, and of courſe the inland country of North-America, will deter the reſtleſs ſpirit of our enemies, and will either prevent them, or puniſh them for daring to intermeddle in our quarrels.—I acknowledge the ſuperiority of your actual maritime power, replied the Count de **, but it may prove fatal to England to puſh their confidence ſuch lengths as you ſpeak of. I own that neither France nor Spain have a formidable navy actually on foot at this minute, but neverthelefs we have the ſtuff to form a navy ſome time hence. Some time, replied the Colonel, ſome time! I ſpeak of the preſent

preſent time in which we live.—I ſhould have thought Engliſh politics would have looked beyond the preſent times, replied the Count; according to my ideas which make me look farther forward, its ſecurity may be deceitful, but it does not depend upon us in this country, where we have the heaven, the earth, the ſea, and men; but upon the diſpoſitions of a ſingle man. May God grant that we may once find that man capable of ſeeing his true intereſt, he will find people ſufficient to carry his ſchemes into execution. Monſieur the Count, replied the Colonel, it is upon the ſame grounds that I reaſon; England would be but little or nothing if we amuſed ourſelves in reckoning upon the gifts of heaven, and had waited for the coming of ſuch a man. We were never inclined to believe in a Phœnix, and ſtill leſs that he would be made for us; we were reſolved not to truſt to chance; we relied upon our fleet, and the excellence of our conſtitution, and we have found the good effects. We laugh at ſeeing you make other kind of calculations, and conſume yourſelves in fruitleſs expectation. We exiſt by your miſtakes, and we preſume upon the ſuperior influence we ſhall have until it pleaſes heaven to ſend you your Saviour.—The Colonel, ſaid Bouillac, eludes a queſtion upon a matter of fact by bantering, and really Sir, he treats us in

the ſame ſtile as he does the party of the king his maſter. What then! Colonel B...., do you ſuppoſe, that all to one man, the whole people of France, are blunderers! As for me, I am not of that opinion, continued he, laughing; we are tired of it, and are come to a reſolution to be wiſe for the future; and, as the beſt proof of wiſdom is to make friends, we not only will not diſturb you while you are correcting your ungrateful refractory children in America, but, if there be occaſion, aſſiſt you in bringing them back to a ſenſe of their duty. What do you ſay? replied the Colonel, briſkly, we ſhall not have ſuch confidence as to depend upon your good offices.—It appears to me, however, ſaid Bouillac, if we are not blind to our intereſts, we may go ſuch lengths without heſitation.

The whole company heard this inexplicable paradox of Bouillac's with ſurprize; and the Count de ***** having taxed him with a want of ſteadineſs in his opinions, was afraid that he carried them extravagant lengths. After having modeſtly hearkened to all the objections which were offered on every ſide of him: Gentlemen, ſaid he, I believe with Colonel B... that the ſuperior naval ſtrength of Great Britain, puts it in their power to conquer all the French poſſeſ-

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ſions beyond ſea, and, at leaſt, to pillage, or ravage, at their pleaſure, the languiſhing immenſe ſcattered territories of Spain. I am ſenſible, that the immediate and poſitive intereſt of theſe two powers is to prevent ſuch an event, or at leaſt, to endeavour to ward off the blow: you all know, as well I do, how much they deviate from the paths they ſhould purſue for that purpoſe; but that intereſt, which relates to their becoming mutual ſupports to each other, is not the ſubject which I am, at preſent, conſidering. There is, beſides that, an intereſt, which is common to all the three powers, and it appears to me, that they ought to lay aſide all their jealouſies, and unite againſt a fourth, who will one day acquire ſufficient ſtrength to exclude all of them. This commentary ſeemed to me to make ſome impreſſion upon his hearers, and to ſtrike out a new light. Colonel B . . . . fixed his eyes upon this young man with ſurprize, which Count ***** perceiving, in a tone of raillery, exclaimed, O-ho! Bouillac's politics are not like other people's, would you imagine that he alledges, your American quarrel out of the queſtion, that if both you and we had common ſenſe, we ought to become allies, to ſet up and pull down, as it ſhould pleaſe us. He proves that matters go on ſo badly on both ſides of the channel, only becauſe we will not come to a

right underſtanding. Our intereſt is to be united, and he imputes to our jealouſy, though reduced to ſyſtem, the adopting fatal and contemptible chimeras.

The firſt propoſal which Monſieur de Bouillac offers, ſaid Colonel B...., has a very ſeducing aſpect. I will not, at preſent, examine if the danger of being obliged to ſubmit to a power which may ariſe in America, ought to be a ſignal for the immediate joining of England with France and Spain, and, certainly it is poſſible, that ſuch a power may ariſe; but that is foreſeeing things at a great diſtance: at preſent, I do not mean to look ſo far into futurity; but, as to things which are within our reach, and, in which I think myſelf intereſted, I ſhall ſcarcely be brought to renounce the opinions I have adopted. I have always looked upon this rivalſhip, and even that ſentiment, which among the common people in England, deſcends even to a hatred of the French name, as one of the eſſential props of its exiſtence, becauſe it is the ſource and principal motive for their activity, and the ſtriking feature of the national character. I will go ſtill farther, by ſaying that even Europe is indebted to it, and the fate of the different ſtates ſo connected with it, that the balance depends upon this antipathy. I cannot foreſee how

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it will be poſſible, to get the better of a prejudice, which muſt ever oppoſe the eſtabliſhing an unnatural connection between the two people, which, if it was to be overcome, would inſtantly annihilate every advantage, both phyſical and local, which Great Britain enjoys at preſent, and without the leaſt difficulty, would carry the commerce of the whole world into France, the very moment we give them time to breathe. How then would you prevent an inconvenience ſo ruinous for us, or, at leaſt, what we are in the habit of ſuppoſing to be ſuch, and to think inevitable? For my part, I cannot diſcover the means.

Well then, ſaid the Count, in turning towards Bouillac, do you hear, how will you reply to all this?—I have attended with pleaſure, ſaid he, after having continued a long time ſilent, and having the air of ſubmitting his opinions to thoſe of the Colonel; but I muſt beg the favour of Mr. B...., that he will do me the honour to hear what I have to ſay. You are right, Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Colonel, the two parts of your argument have undoubtedly a foundation, in fact, but the politician, who would employ himſelf in earneſt, for the good of both nations, ought to have no reſpect for theſe facts, the greateſt part of which are foreign to the

the ſubject, than to the conſequences which follow. The factitious exiſtence of Europe, ſuch as has been eſtabliſhed by thoſe treaties, which at preſent form what is called the rights of nations, may unqueſtionably receive a blow by the re-union of England with France; that is to ſay, that the other potentates, who gain ſo much by their quarrels, either becauſe they make themſelves to be dreaded, or oblige them to pay ſubſidies, will infallibly ſuffer.

To look back to the real ſource of theſe quarrels, we may ſee that they did not originate from thoſe motives of animoſity which ſubſiſted formerly; but, on the contrary, was the contrivance of thoſe who were intereſted in fomenting the quarrels, and eſtabliſhing that maxim in both nations. After the Princes of the houſe of Stuart were eſtabliſhed on the throne of Great Britain, they were not the enemies of France; on the contrary, they were ſometimes her allies, and almoſt always ſtood neuter. Europe felt that this circumſtance promoted the views of Louis XIV. and therefore concluding that it was neceſſary to ſet Great Britain in oppoſition to him, they formed a conſpiracy againſt James II. and reſolved to introduce a Prince in his ſtead, who would employ his whole power againſt France; ſo, that by this plot againſt the royal family,

family, they contrived to dethrone James, and give the crown to his ſon-in-law. The ancient hatred was revived, although the objects no longer exiſted; and, ſince that time, it has become more and more deeply rooted, and has proved fatal to both countries, by their frequently going to war to pleaſe other nations. You are certainly well enough acquainted with the ſecret hiſtory of Europe, to know that the terrified Princes of the Empire formed that conſpiracy at Berlin, which brought about the ſecond revolution*.

Thus the ambition of Louis XIV. has been the occaſion of all the ruinous miſtakes which have followed; but now a-days, that reſtleſs ſpirit for conqueſt and vain-glory hath diſappeared in both countries, and the two governments ſhould conſider how much they have been dupes, by ruining themſelves for the convenience of others; inſtead of putting it in the power of their people mutually to enrich one another, which might be eaſily done. I believe I could prove this aſſertion which anſwers the ſecond part of your argument, by ſome details which I have collected.

* Surely, our author is miſtaken; for the plan of bringing the Prince of Orange to England, certainly, was laid by the whigs in this country.

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Your manner of looking into our hiſtory, replied the Colonel, is certainly very right and moſt judicious; but perhaps we ſhould rather give up the prejudices which exiſt, than the realities which may be ſuppoſed. I cannot deny that the bud of your political ſyſtem preſents a view of the greateſt intereſt, but I ſhould wiſh to find, that the unravelling of its conſequences, ſhould make it ſquare with poſſibilities.—The whole circle gave the moſt ſerious attention, and Bouillac continued nearly as follows. The wars of the two nations have ſerved no other end but to multiply their misfortunes. England, if ſhe pleaſes, may be vain of her ſucceſs; for ſhe has, by that means, made herſelf miſtreſs of that trade, which France might have ſhared with her; but could nothing ſiatter her avidity and ambition, but that part of it which ſhe could ſeize by force? I think I could demonſtrate, that her profits are not equivalent to what ſhe might have by a commerce with France, and the more conſiderable the trade of that country is of itſelf, the more conſiderable would that commerce be, which they could carry on together.

I have taken the quantities and the terms of my computations from that the Dutch uſurp between the two. I have alſo included the immenſe clandeſtine traffick, which the induſtry of individuals

oppoſes

oppoſes to erroneous laws, dictated by ancient prejudices to governments, who blindly gave themſelves up to popular animoſities; but it is ſuperfluous to enlarge upon this ſubject, without, at the ſame time producing the exact account of theſe abuſes; it likewiſe would be neceſſary to oppoſe to them, the probable reſult of contrary maxims. I know, Sir, continued he, in a leſs ſerious tone, that as a member of the oppoſition, you ſhould over-charge your public character with the ſtrongeſt Antigallican prejudices: it is an indiſpenſable etiquette, and, if I were wiſe, I ſhould wait the diſſolution of Parliament, to find you in an impartial mood, which would render you acceſſible to certain ideas, which perhaps you will now not adopt.—Colonel B . . . ſmiled at this laſt ſtroke, and ſeemed to be quite captivated with the young man. The converſation became general, and took another turn.

The Count de C . . . W . . . . gave us ſome intereſting accounts of his native country, Ruſſia. His ideas were grand, ſimple, and ſplendid; and he gave ample proofs that the Princeſs, whoſe ſubject he is, places her confidence only in men of abilities. To a diſcourſe on politics, ſucceeded another on war, upon which ſubject the Count de ***** and the Chevalier ** ſpoke as perfect maſters. After ſome hours converſation,

ſation, which, notwithſtanding my trifling temper, had given me a great deal of pleaſure, the Chevalier **, accompanied by his friend, carried me home, and congratulated me upon my attention to the converſation at the Count de *****'s. He adviſed me. in the kindeſt manner, to take his young friend for my guide, if I wiſhed to know the ſtate of the arts in France;—the other zealouſly proffered his ſervices.——The unfavourable impreſſions of him which I had received, could not diſpenſe me from accepting his polite offer. In ſpite of the uneaſineſs which ſuch a connection might give the Doctor, it was reſolved that I ſhould accompany Bouillac early next morning.

DAY

DAY THE EIGHTH.

Pictures—the Works of a celebrated Painter.—Striking Leſſons of Morality.—The French Comedy.—Reflections on Shakeſpeare and Moliere.

EARLY in the morning, Bouillac came to rouſe me, and at ten o'clock we ſet out. It is with a great deal of pleaſure, my Lord, ſaid he, that I ſee a young Engliſhman of your rank, employed as you are, in making men and the arts the ſubject of your ſtudies. I ſhall think myſelf particularly happy in being your conductor through this capital. The pride and opulence of ſome individuals, has procured them a number of maſter-pieces, and we muſt get admittance into their cabinets. Happily, I am acquainted with ſome of them, but let us loſe no time, for we muſt go to a number of places. This day ſhall be dedicated to painting, and we will defer ſculpture till another morning. While Bouillac was ſpeaking to me, we turned the corner of a ſtreet, and met the Doctor. I obſerved him grow pale with fear, and ſtart with horror at the ſight of the companion whom the Chevalier * * had provided for me. Thoſe

emotions made me recollect every thing he had ſaid to me, of Bouillac, and I ſincerely regretted my not having avoided that ſort of union, which this day was likely to be eſtabliſhed, and I reſolved to employ all my addreſs to break it off as ſoon as poſſible.

In three hours time we had run over a great deal, and were got to the royal academy of painting. Bouillac made me obſerve the decay of the art, by the ſtyle and manner of the living artiſts. There is but one man at preſent, added he, who has preſerved the leaſt ſpark of that genius which animated ſome of his predeceſſors. That ſerpent, envy, has decried one of his pieces; —he intended it to appear among the works of candidates which you ſee here; but the vanity of this excellent painter being provoked, he inſtantly renounced the aſſociation of rivals, whom he judged to be incapable and unworthy of ſetting a juſt value upon his merits.

To very great talents, he has the misfortune to add ſome of thoſe original defects which too often accompany great abilities; but the ſuperiority of his pencil has charmed my eyes, and I cannot withhold my eſteem from the open candour of his heart; therefore, I pay no great attention to the errors cauſed by his pride. Let the jealouſy of his competitors endeavour to take

advantage

of the perſonal foibles of the artiſt, while it ſhrinks before his works.

Every ſpecies of painting is exhauſted. There are very few ſubjects either in fable or hiſtory, which have not been frequently handled by the moſt eminent maſters. It is the ſame in landſcape. Greuſe deſires to introduce a new kind, and no one before him having attempted to give pure leſſons of morality upon canvas, he has conceived the deſign of extracting ſubjects for pictures from a new ſource. Thus he is become the firſt dramatic painter; that is to ſay the firſt who has painted real life, and given a repreſentation of virtue and vice from what is practiſed daily before our eyes*.

Bouillac led me to the houſe of the artiſt, whoſe praiſes he had been ſounding. We found him engaged in his painting room. The firſt piece which he ſhewed me was equally excellent in deſign, expreſſion, and colouring, and the ſubject was truly a moſt affecting ſcene. Beauty and virtue were expreſſed in the countenance of a female figure, whoſe rank was declared by the *coſtume*, giving a firſt leſſon of humanity and benevolence to a young child, who appeared of ſuch a rank in life, as to have its ſenſibility in danger of being corrupted by pride and opulence. The

* Is it poſſible that the author never heard of the immortal Hogarth?

table

ſcene was in a dark mean garret, where a reſpectable old man was ſeen lying on a truckle-bed; he ſeemed to meet poverty and indigence with a calm and ſerene countenance, and exhauſted by the evils which are the conſequence of living in want, he received without bluſhing, and with a ſimple expreſſion of noble gratitude, the gifts of pure and unaffected charity. At his ſide lay his aged ſuffering wife, in whoſe face and expreſſive attitude were ſeen the emotions of gratitude more lively, but leſs the effect of reflection. A ſon clothed in rags, but too young to be capable of comforting the aged parents, was leaning languidly on the bolſter of the bed, where theſe two people preſented a picture of moſt oppreſſed and unmerited miſery. Oppoſite to this groupe ſtood the charitable lady who came to teach her child to comfort the afflicted. Her figure was noble, her air ſoft and affecting. The child accuſtomed to opulence, ſeemed to ſtart back with horror from the hideous attire of poverty, which had been preſented to her view for the firſt time. The good mother combating her reluctance, ſeems to ſay to her, "my dear child what has this old man done that he was not born in the boſom of opulence as well as we? Nature hath made him our equal, but virtue has placed him above us," On the back ground is ſeen one of the *Siſter Hoſpitalers*, whoſe cold indifferent manner, an effect which

which the conſtant view of calamity frequently gives to people whoſe ſituation excludes them from ſociety, exhibited a fine contraſt to that warmth of expreſſion which glowed over the reſt of the piece.

To ſuch juſt and happy ideas; to the moſt ſtriking expreſſion of a compoſition finely conceived, the painter had united all the magical ſkill of his art. Bouillac poured forth the moſt flattering encomiums. His ardent imagination kindled that of the painter, and poſſeſſed by all the enthuſiaſm of his genius. Yes gentlemen, cried he, I deſire to dedicate my colours and my pencil to the improvement of mankind. I believe this kind of painting far ſuperior to that which traces anew ſome ſucceſsful crime of ancient ages, which were as vicious as our own, and which is only made reſpectable by the name of ſome illuſtrious profligate. I work upon a ſubject which is indeed but too common. I wiſh to preſent to unfortunate females, among whom mutual example does not prevent errors, the fatal cataſtrophe which awaits them all at the expiration of a few ſhort illuſions. Obſerve my Lord, ſaid he, in carrying me to his eaſel that had a picture upon it, which he uncovered, this artful and ſhameleſs old woman endeavouring to corrupt a young ſimple timid, innocent girl, by enticing her with the offer

of

of gold and diamonds. This horrible Megara, gives ſtrength to paſſions eaſily led aſtray, in order to breathe the poiſon of debauchery and vanity into an unſuſpecting innocent ſoul. See ſeduction applauding the ſucceſs of her artifice, upon the front of that corrupted Financier. I deſpaired a great while of being able to expreſs all the characters which ſhould be aſſembled in the face of his worthleſs emiſſary; meanneſs, avarice, hypocritical goodneſs, and unbridled impudence, ought all to appear there. I could not have ſucceeded if I had not found a model. This head is from nature.—The more the painter entered into the detail of his compoſition, the more my eyes were employed in endeavouring to catch the expreſſion which he wiſhed me to find in the perſons repreſented. How great was my ſurprize when I recollected the features of Mamma * * * in that of the old procureſs.—I bluſhed,—the artiſt obſerved it, but he was miſtaken in the cauſe. You are diſguſted, my Lord, ſaid he, it is the moſt flattering effect poſſible for me, and it was what I propoſed in drawing the hideous heart of that creature in her countenance. Behold, continued he the trembling victim of her ſeductions; the deſire of poſſeſſing all thoſe objects of luxury, ſo alluring to youth, is painted in her eyes; at preſent ſhe heſitates, ſhe trembles; the ſnare which

is

is laid for her vanity makes her modeſty ſtartle; ſhe hearkens, and of courſe is about to take the firſt ſtep to infamy. In the ſecond picture, ſee the conſequences which at firſt were ſo flattering upon her entry in the vicious career. It repreſents the young woman deſpoiled of that engaging innocence, which made her appear ſo beautiful in the firſt; ſhe is ſurrounded by opulent oſtentation, and indolently ſtretched at full length upon ſilk and down, forgets that labour and induſtry by which ſhe ſhould have lived in honourable mediocrity, and which would one day have brought her to be the wife of ſome worthy citizen, honeſt and diligent as herſelf. Amidſt all theſe artificial enjoyments ſhe deſtroys the moſt valuable of all riches, moderated deſires. An Angola * tears in pieces the valuable ornaments which the prodigality of her admirers haſtens to replace;—ſhe ſmiles at a Sapajou † throwing that gold out of the window which love had laviſhingly beſtowed. A double emblem of that ſhameful predilection which an ungrateful courtezan frequently grants to an obſcure worm, and in ſuch a manner as verifies the proverb—*lightly come, lightly go.*—If the reſemblance of the old D * * * occaſioned ſome emotion, the allegory of the Sapajou redoubled

* Angola, a kind of Cat. † Sapajou, a ſpecies of the Monkey.

it, by recalling to my mind the hateful Mr. Rag, and certainly ſome impreſſion was viſible in my countenance. My Lord, ſaid Bouillac, by the pathetic diſcourſes which Mr. Greuſe diſplays ſo well upon canvas, he could certainly make a convert of you, if there was occaſion. He muſt be much flattered by the generous indignation which you expreſs in every feature. This obſervation of Bouillac's, diſconcerted me, and penetrated to my inmoſt ſoul, but happily the painter, at that inſtant, led us on to two other pictures.

One of them preſented the courtezan in the third ſtage of her career. She was no longer ſhining in gold, nor ſurrounded with ſeducing luxuries. All her magnificent ſtatelineſs was fled with her frail attractions. The firſt wrinkle which came to blaſt the flower of youth upon her forehead, had given the ſignal for an ungrateful retreat to her perfidious and inconſtant admirers; ſhe was even deſerted by the Angola and Sapajou. The humble beauty, in a decent retreat, offers cheap favours, in ſubmiſſive language, to a ſurly rude old fellow, who ſeems to deſpiſe her remains of beauty.

In the fourth piece, the unhappy wretch is ſeen expiring amidſt cold and want, ſhame and ſorrow. The pale glimmerings of a lamp ſhed

a melancholy

a melancholy light upon this laſt ſcene of her ſufferings. Bitter and fruitleſs repentance was expreſſed in her dying eyes, and her whole being ſeemed to ſink under a load of wretchedneſs: an untimely old age, brought on by exceſs, is about to be finiſhed by a languiſhing and painful death. The painter entered into all theſe details with the ſame warmth as he had done before, and Bouillac gave a moral to every apologue. I found myſelf in a very uneaſy ſituation. After having given ſuch proofs of ſatisfaction to the artiſt, as my ſtate of mind permitted, we ſet out. My companion ſeemed to divine every impreſſion that was made upon my heart; however, he did not once mention any thing like it, but continued to introduce into our converſation ſuch ſubjects as were beſt ſuited to affect my mind, to reclaim or confirm my youth in the paths of true honour.

Although he mentioned nothing in direct terms, and even avoided every ſhadow of application, I was exceedingly vexed, and looked upon him as a bitter and unſeaſonable reformer; but I took care to conceal my thoughts. Undoubtedly, this was owing to thoſe prejudices againſt his character, with which the Doctor had been at pains to inſpire me, and convinced, as I was, that his practice was very oppoſite to his

doctrine, it made leſs impreſſion upon me than it otherwiſe would have done. At laſt he changed the tone of his diſcourſe, and becoming gay and amuſing, I found his converſation more tolerable.

Bouillac propoſed to ſpend the evening at the French comedy. My Lord, ſaid he, this is the theatre which ſhould be frequented by foreigners: it is here where the French language is ſpoken in the greateſt purity, and where you will find the trueſt picture of the manners of our nation. Here you may acquire the firſt, and learn to know the other. So ſerious a motive for giving the preference to the French theatre, was not the foundation for determining me at that time; but, I know not how it was, this man acquired a perfect maſtery over me. I had ſo bad an opinion of him, that I could not endure him; but that maſk of worth and candour which the Doctor perſuaded me he only aſſumed, muſt have ſtrongly reſembled undiſguiſed truth; for, there were certain moments, in which he governed me with as abſolute ſway, as if I had had the greateſt eſteem for him, founded on a knowledge of his virtue. I let myſelf be conducted by him wherever he choſe to lead. I believe, if he had propoſed to go and ſee ſome more moral paintings, he would have made me

go with him, although at leaving the houſe of his friend the painter, I had ſworn in my own mind, that he ſhould never catch me there again.

The tragedy of Phœdra was the piece to be played that night on the French ſtage. I ſhould not have been able to have reliſhed the beauties of this play, if my conductor had not prepared me for it, by giving me ſome idea of it beforehand, and, at each ſcene, haſtily ſketched over the detail. By this means, he enabled me to follow the ſublime and pathetic expreſſion of an old actreſs, whoſe abilities ſeemed to me to be as unqueſtionably great, as thoſe of our celebrated Garrick.

When the firſt piece was over, Bouillac entertained me with his opinions on the difference between the French and Engliſh drama. Beſide the national character which preſcribes the limits to genius in a theatrical career, ſaid he, nature has given you a matchleſs poet in your great Shakeſpeare; whoſe juſt and true imagination, in the immenſity of its flight, comprehended all ages, all men, and all places. His deſcriptions preſent to our view the unconfined free manner of nature herſelf. He conſtantly follows her, and never fails to poſſeſs her, with all her variety and copiouſneſs. What an advantage for the

Engliſh

Engliſh ſtage to have had ſuch an extraordinary man for its founder! He has diſentangled nature from thoſe fetters made ſacred by antiquity, and extended her laws for the benefit of thoſe, who, after him, would run the ſame career, though without the hope of reaching ſuch a flight; and, unqueſtionably, it is to him you owe that ſuperiority which the Engliſh have over the French tragedies. The French pieces of that kind are little more, in my eyes, than romances in dialogue, written in very fine verſe, but whoſe cold uniform action, tires and freezes. The conduct has a general ſameneſs, and continual monotony. Perhaps, the nation may one day come to ſee this fault, if ever that phantom, which is worſhipped by the name of taſte, happens to be deſpoiled of his aſſumed importance. I ſhould be aſhamed, my Lord, to explain myſelf with ſuch freedom, in preſence of our connoiſſeurs; —I ſhould run a riſk of being treated as barbarous. This nation muſt always imitate the Greeks; they do it, at leaſt, by ſhewing a contempt for every thing which is not of their own literary growth, and which departs from thoſe rules within which two or three *beaux eſprits* have thought proper to confine genius, by writing commentaries on Ariſtotle.

It is forbidden, for example, to open the ſcene, but by a flat and inſipid narration. The rigorous law, which they call the three unities, obliges the author to give this dull explanation, which would frequently appear ridiculous, if cuſtom did not prevent them from being ſenſible of this abſurdity. One actor informs another, in ſounding rhimes, of his genealogy, birth, hiſtory of his parents, and a number of other things which the laſt ought to know better than the ſpeaker. It is commonly ſome confidant, who, in favour of the audience, ſtuns with inſipid repetitions, the hero of the piece, who is ready to yawn. The unity of the place obliges the author to ſet his characters in motion like puppets, that they may inceſſantly return in a moſt whimſical childiſh manner to the gallery of the palace, where we are tired with a melancholy dream of recitals and diſcoveries:—and this is nearly the whole of what is permitted. No additional incident, no ſecond rate character, which is ſo uſeful with you, in bringing on the cataſtrophe, and in ſupporting the ſpirit of the ſcene, but, at beſt, ſome dull, ſtupid confidants, whoſe parts are ſo wretchedly compoſed, that none are found to fill them but inferior actors, whoſe performance throws into burleſque the ſcenes which ought to be the moſt powerfully engaging.

Surely,

Surely, you will never be brought to think the moſt perfect of theſe compoſitions to be a maſterpiece: for, it is plain, that they preſent nothing but a maſs of dull unaffecting inſipidity, where, at beſt, we find no recompence for our attention, but in the richneſs and beauty of the narration.

It is not ſo with the French comedies, continued Bouillac: Plautus and Terence, as well as Ariſtophanes, live again in Moliere, or rather he has ſurpaſſed them all. It is true, that he had not the ſame obſtacle to contend with as our tragic poets. Comedy may be made intereſting by means of more ſimple acceſſaries than can be admitted into tragedy. That mercileſs chimera, taſte, who ſo ſtrongly circumſcribes the field where genius might range, has leſs important conſequences, in a leſs elevated ſpecies of writing. The action, as well as the characters, being taken from common life, they may be unfoldeded by the ſame kinds of incidents. Moliere then was more at his eaſe in this reſpect. You will ſee the native ſimplicity and truth of his touch. Here he alſo analyſed to me the *Precieuſes Ridicules*, which was going to be played, and putting the piece in my hand, he adviſed me to take the advantage of reading, that I might more eaſily follow the performance. You ſee, continued he, that upon this ſtage, both

the actors and authors ſucceed much better in comedy, which is a conſtant and evident proof of its ſuperiority. Tragedy being, in this country, conſtrained and unnatural; thoſe people, who perform the characters, inevitably contract an affected bluſtering tone of voice, and ſtray ſo far from nature, that to be able to play both kinds well, happens very ſeldom; but in England, on the contrary, the tone and gait of tragedy being that of nature, does not deſtroy the comic talents of the actor, and it is to this difference, undoubtedly, that Garrick, and ſome others, owe that union and equal abilities in both kinds, which contrary cauſes make the people of Paris believe to be incompatible, or wonderful. The actreſs whom you have juſt now ſeen, knew how to reconcile them, (thanks to the powers of her mind) which made her abjure the emphaſis of the French Melpomene: but ſhe has been obliged, ſometimes, to appear low and undeſerving, to pleaſe an audience who have been ſpoiled by the practice of over-acting thoſe emotions, where the Engliſh would have found her ſublime; and is content with, now and then, extorting from the pit involuntary expreſſions of admiration, or rather of feeling, with ſtrokes of nature unknown to other actors. This woman would have ſurpaſſed Garrick, if ſhe had known Shake-

ſpeare, but it will be a great while before he is known to her or to this country. It would not be enough that the French language acquired an energy which it has not at preſent. If the national character which preſides over language, as in every thing elſe, does not change, the maſterpieces of this immortal and ſingular genius will be for ever loſt to them.

I had read with attention ſome things which had been written on the ſubject of the French theatre, and was ſo well acquainted with our own, as to be ſenſible of the juſtice of the Chevalier Bouillac's obſervations. Beſides, my own feelings came in ſupport of his manner of drawing the compariſon. Racine ſcarcely affected me, but Moliere made me laugh. By all this I found that the French comedy is the moſt agreeable entertainment in this capital. I left it highly entertained by the *Count de Jodelet*, and the *Marquis de Maſcarille*, and notwithſtanding the inſinuation of the dear Doctor, I was in a fair way of being reconciled to Bouillac, and examining for myſelf whether I had not been impoſed on with regard to him, but the other came conveniently enough to prolong the illuſion;—he appeared the inſtant the Chevalier left me, and it was high time, for I was wavering in my opinion.

Well,

Well, my Lord, ſaid the Doctor, your complaiſance and reſpect for the Chevalier * *, has procured you a tireſome day of it;—you was obliged to endure the pedantry of his oracle.—If his being a pedant was all, that might be eaſily digeſted, but he is really a bad man, added he, in a tone of diſquiet;—he diſlikes me particularly, and I dont know for what, and to be ſure he would not let ſlip the opportunity of painting me.—I proteſt to you, anſwered I, that he has not breathed a ſingle word that could alarm you; he was too much engaged, and indeed engaged me too much to have leiſure to gratify that malice of which you accuſe him. I ſhall never love that man, my dear Doctor, becauſe you have acquainted me with the perverſeneſs of his character, which is the more deteſtable, becauſe it is ſo artfully diſguiſed; but I can't help regretting that ſuch excellent qualities ſhould be thrown away.

I believe, my Lord, you depend upon my ſincerity, I was ſenſible how very dangerous he is, which was the ſole motive of my anxiety to guard you againſt him.—I promiſed the Doctor that I would defend myſelf carefully againſt his attacks. Do you not find, added he, that there is ſomething contradictory in him, and ſuch a warmth

and zeal in every thing he does that his company muſt very ſoon be inſupportable?—Not at all, ſaid I, very unaffectedly.—He muſt have diſſembled deeply then! However you wont be long ere you make the diſcovery, if you expoſe yourſelf to his company. May you never make a more fatal one to your coſt.

Pardon my zeal, my Lord, I would not be ſo communicative to another. I aſſured my dear Doctor that I had ſuch confidence in him after the information which he had given me of Bouillac's character, that I would always reſtrict myſelf to the reſpect which was due to him who had been pleaſed to form the connection;—he was ſatisfied with this promiſe, and renewed our common ſubjects of converſation, and the fair ** made us ſoon forget all thoughts of Bouillac. We inſenſibly reſumed our gaiety and good humour in talking over this important ſubject.

The Doctor was buſy till two o'clock in the morning, attempting to deſtroy the impreſſions which he ſuſpected to have been made upon me in the courſe of the day, by elevating my fancy and my ſenſes. He had great advantage, for the bad made deep impreſſions, while the good only grazed upon me. In examining myſelf I could not conceive how it came about that in the twelve

hours

hours I had ſpent with Bouillac, I had not once yawned. I promiſed myſelf amends for the loſs of this day, by rendering the next as agreeable as poſſible; the Doctor promiſed me his aſſiſtance and wiſhed me a good night.

DAY

DAY THE NINTH.

A new Acquaintance, which coſts me a Trifle.—A Horſe-Race.—An accidental Meeting with a ſingular Character.

THE Doctor attended at my riſing.—'Twas he that opened my curtains. My eſcaping from him the preceding day was a motive for redoubling his aſſiduity.—Come, ſaid he to me, get up, while you are indulging in ſleep, till late in the morning, half Paris is already aſſembled in the plain of Sablons. In an hour the town will be quite empty; they are drawn thither by a ſpectacle new to them. One of thoſe who will ſhare in the honours or dangers of the day will ſoon be at your gate. He entreated me to preſent him to your Lordſhip. I neither knew what intereſting novelty could make all Paris run to the plain of Sablons, nor what perſon wanted to ſee me. The Doctor informed me that they were going for the firſt time to give a horſe-race there, and that the bets were open. Word was then brought that ſome body wanted to ſpeak with him. Who is it, ſaid he?—'Tis he, ſaid my Valet de Chambre—the gentleman who lodges on the other ſide. The Doctor went to receive him, and returned

returned with him. My Lord, ſaid he, this is one of the moſt amiable of your countrymen. He is very ſorry that he has for ſeveral days occupied the ſame houſe with you, without having had the honour of your acquaintance. Mr. Fikle **** —at this name, all my ideas were rouſed; three things concurred to ſpread his name—the moſt ridiculous prodigality and oſtentation, the moſt rooted frenzy for gaming, and that ſpecies of celebrity which a raſh thoughtleſs man may draw from five or ſix remarkable duels, equivocal marks of courage, with whoſe true characteriſtics three fourths of men are ſo unacquainted as often to give its name to the ſanguinary tranſports of revenge, or inſenſible ferocity. F ** wanted to give new luſtre to the part he played at Paris, by giving into all the momentary extravagances with the epidemic folly of which ſome of the inferior claſs of nobility were ſeized; he was a ſkilful jockey, and a high better. This was the madneſs of the day; and accordingly he outſtripped every body in it, for he had laid two thouſand guineas againſt D. D. B. P.

How does your Lordſhip propoſe to go and ſee the race, ſaid he to me? I ſhall go in a coach, replied I.—In a coach! Fye, my Lord, returned the obliging Doctor. The laws of faſhion require you at preſent to be on horſeback; 'tis not proper

per for a man of your rank to ſhew himſelf in any other manner on the plain. I have provided for that.—Mr. F ** has been pleaſed to promiſe me one of the hunters he has in his ſtable. Here F ** approved the Doctor's offer with a nod, and made me a profound bow. I thanked him, but then caſting my eyes on the Doctor, I ſaw him booted and ſpurred like one of our jockeys. My dear Doctor your foreſight gives me infinite pleaſure, and Mr. F **'s politeneſs excites my whole gratitude; but I cannot conſent to deprive you of a pleaſure you perhaps intended to take.—Not at all, my Lord, every thing has been foreſeen, replied he with an air of ſatisfaction; I ſhall have the honour to accompany you, and two of your people on horſeback may likewiſe follow us. In truth, ſaid I, it muſt be allowed that the Doctor is a man eſſentially neceſſary; nobody can be more obliging than he. I was ſoon ready. Our cavalcade arrived at the race ground, where, in fact, an incredible multitude was already aſſembled.—The young Princeſs, who is now ſeated on the throne of France, and ſhares the love of the people with the king her huſband, honoured theſe new ſports with her auguſt preſence. Hope and admiration flew before her, and whatever misfortunes this day brought upon me, I except it from thoſe whoſe hiſtory I have already given. I

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ſaw beneficence and beauty crowned beforehand by the public voice. That day I ſhall ever account happy.

Upon the road F * * acquainted me that if I was inclined to ſhare with him in his bet, I might take what part of it I pleaſed. I have always been prejudiced againſt this ſort of wagers. Each of the parties build their hopes on their confidence in the horſes that are to enter the liſts; they entertain not the leaſt doubts of their own ſkill, and pay far from ſufficient attention to the fidelity of the rider, though they know beforehand that this is much more to be diſtruſted than the ſpeed of the horſe. Three-fourths of the time, the better lies at the mercy of the rider. I would rather truſt the riſque of a die, or the chance of the cards. I never gamed but out of vanity; had I done it out of avarice, 'tis thus I would have formed my calculation.

I refuſed Mr. F * *'s offer, when the Doctor dextrouſly put another ſpring in motion. My Lord, ſaid he you cannot diſpenſe from venturing ſomething in this affair. The French have borrowed this ſport from us, and they flatter themſelves with ſoon ſurpaſſing their maſters. In your country it is conſecrated by the taſte and emulation of private perſons, and ſtill more by the cares of an attentive government. We muſt ſupport

this cauſe—I dare anſwer to you for the honour of this day, and the real advantage that will accrue to you from the acceptance of Mr. F**'s offer, to go ſhares with him.—I am not in a condition to run great riſques, but I have ventured a good deal upon his judgment. I look upon this as a piece of patriotiſm. Every inſtance of our ſuperiority, even that of our horſes, is a matter I think myſelf intereſted to maintain. I laughed heartily at the Doctor's warmth and zeal. If, continued he, you ſtand in need of an example to encourage you, I will tell you, that a fine woman hath teſtified more ardour than you in ſo good a cauſe. Who then, ſaid I, is this patriotic female?—No other, replied he, than the lady whoſe good ſenſe induces her to confer the myrtle crown upon the Engliſh. I laughed ſtill more heartily, and, in the fit of gaiety, with which the phyſician had juſt inſpired me, I took a fourth ſhare of F**'s enormous bet. Abandoning myſelf to his confidence, inſpired by his *Hippological* ſagacity, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, I thought I ſaw the famous horſe Pompey returning with the Olympic palm, and that I had already pocketed my five hundred louis d'ors.

While thus converſing, we rid with a ſtately air over the courſe between two rows of coaches, and

and the mob, who lined the ground: twenty *Petits Maitres*, metamorphoſed into Engliſh poſtilions, as the faſhion of the day required, eagerly preſſed round me to communicate their hopes or fears. My bet was conſiderable, and gave me, in their eyes, an importance relative to the moment. Eſcaping from this croud, I felt more confidence to approach the ſuperb coach, in which was ſeated La **; and when I heard the Doctor give her an account of the ſmall venture I had made, after her example, I put on an air of ſelf-ſufficiency and fatuity, equal to that of my aſſociate.

On a ſudden, I heard a general ſhout of deriſion, and turning to ſee what had raiſed it, perceived an inſolent fellow burleſquing the ceremonies of the day: to the curvets of two thouſand cavaliers, who were proudly parading in this amphitheatre, he oppoſed the aukward prancing of a diminutive aſs, which he drove on with all his force, leaning forward extending his arms like wings, he aped all the brilliant ſquires, by whom he was ſurrounded, bawling out, *way*, *way*, with the whole ſtrength of his lungs. This idea, which with all its buffoonery, conveying an inſtructive leſſon, ſeemed to diſconcert the paraders. The 'ſquire of the pack-ſaddle made the ranks open, and the aſs figured at the expence of the horſes.

In a ſhort time, the two horſes that were to diſpute the victory, were drawn out and expoſed to the eyes of the multitude. Hector, and the invincible Achilles, under the walls of the famous Troy, did not excite greater fears or hopes. Greeks and Trojans encouraged the champions, and invoked the gods. I examined the quadrupede hero, on whom my chance depended. My hopes were but weak, when I compared him with the other; and, I had the mortification to hear all the ſuffrages, by degrees, unite in prognoſticating the victory to his competitor. F** himſelf, no longer retained the ſame confidence. While contemplating the well ſhaped and vigorous courſer oppoſed to us, his penſive air and downcaſt look, announced, that his thoughts were already turned on the gap that the loſs of fifteen hundred louis d'ors would make in his finances.—As conſiderable as that loſs was, perhaps it alarmed him ſtill leſs, than the diſgrace he would ſuffer in his reputation as a connoiſſeur. However, being exceſſively vain, there remained one conſolation, which was no other than the noiſe and *eclat*, ſo expenſive a piece of extravagance would cauſe. For my part, though leſs vain than he, I then had a ſufficient doſe of that weakneſs to regret my bet but little from the ſame conſideration.

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However, we were obliged to ſet a good face on the matter, and, notwithſtanding our apprehenſions, we ſucceeded. The two racers ſtarted, —during the firſt heat our hopes revived a little; at the ſecond they wavered;—before half the third, our fate was decided.—The ſuperannuated Pegaſus, who bore our fortune, had loſt both his legs and wind.—Vanity, as I ſaid, ſupported F** under ſo great a diſaſter, and I returned home to pay down my ſhare, with the Doctor, who blamed my remiſſneſs, in not ſaving myſelf as he had done, by betting again on the other ſide.

I was to dine with G**, my banker. The converſation through all Paris turned only upon the great event of the races, and people talked differently of their introduction into France. I, that day, heard the ſubject treated by two men, who appeared to form a very ſingular contraſt. One of them was the celebrated L**. This man, whoſe eloquence ſtrikes the ear with an empty, noiſy parade, has ſo accuſtomed himſelf to words, that he ſubſtitutes them for things, and a frivolous nation eagerly devours his ſuperficial productions. Emboldened by ſucceſs, he writes nonſenſe upon every ſubject every month, and exhibits a picture of the writer who has waſhed Nero white, and whoſe pen has exalted the government of the Sophi, who cuts off five

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or ſix heads at every health he drinks of a liquor prohibited by the Koran, above the equitable and reciprocal yoke impoſed by the Britiſh conſtitution, on the governor and the governed. —His genius flying from paradox to paradox, exerciſes itſelf on every ſubject, from the cedar to the hyſſop. He uttered brilliant abſurdities on monarchies and republics, and, at laſt, like a torrent tumbling down a precipice, he at once deſcended to our cock-matches and horſe-races.

As I liſtened, with aſtoniſhment, to this man, who was ſtill more ſingular than celebrated, one of the company who ſate next me, whiſpered in my ear. My Lord, you appear ſurprized at the coruſcations of this fire-work.—The people of this country are fond of them.—This famous L** harangues with as little ſolidity on philoſophy, as he gives diſſertations on horſes. Reſolved to be ſingular in every thing, he affects to be as much prejudiced againſt you, as ſome of his countrymen ſeem infected with the *Anglomania*. He decides, in the ſame tone, upon your conſtitution, your politics, your arts, your amuſements, and your follies, and is equally unacquainted with all; he ſpeaks ridiculouſly of what is ſerious, and ſerious of what is ridiculous. When the *Marquis de Poulainville*, in the comedy, has exhauſted every effort by *petarades* and

and *fuſees*, to wake the torpid and motionleſs *Jacques Rosbif:* You are truly a very comical fellow, ſays the laſt to him coldly when he riſes. —That ſcene ſeems parodied by this inexhauſtible, but unreaſonable haranguer, whenever his audience or his reader have common ſenſe. —Let us hear him, he is going to give vent to ſome abſurdities which he will put in print.

In fact, he ſpoke nearly as follows. "What a difference between the games of the Greeks and the Engliſh races. Let us imitate the Greeks, gentlemen, and leave the Engliſh to themſelves. What an abſurdity to have recourſe to poſtilions of that country, to ſubject ourſelves to the formality of weighing the riders and furniture, to the obligation of adding a weight to the lighteſt, and to imitate in every thing, the grimaces of this Engliſh ſcrupulouſneſs!"

Sir, replied a fat gentleman, with a whip and boots, the Greeks you talk of, were much better judges of poetry and eloquence than of horſes? I read Virgil when at ſchool, but he has not been of the leaſt ſervice to me for the management of my ſtud in the Limouſin. You talk like an angel, but, for my part, I am a judge of horſes.

"How, Sir, would you ſubject us to the ceremonial of London rather than of Olympia!" replies

replied the *Bel-Eſprit*; "No, no, let us turn over P. Montfaucon, let us diſguiſe ourſelves under a maſque of Phocis*. Let us have *Automedons*, not *Jockeys*."

I do not underſtand you now, replied the fat gentleman; I have too far forgot what was taught me at ſchool, to perceive clearly the merit of that doctrine; but ſetting aſide your *Automedons*, and all your high ſounding words, it appears to me very reaſonable to weigh the burdens with which the two animals, of ſuppoſed equal ſtrength, are to be loaded, in order to make them run equal diſtances, in a manner likewiſe equal. If an *Automedon* did not attend to this as well as a jockey, ſo much the worſe for him, Sir, he was a blockhead, and ought to loſe the bet. "Then, Sir, according to the principle of this pretended equality, in the rencounters to which perſonal vengeance compels two individuals againſt each other, and conſtrains them to expoſe their lives for the ſatisfaction of their honour, we ought likewiſe to weigh their ſwords and cloaths, to meaſure their arms, to calculate the nimbleneſs of their wriſts, and the quickneſs of their eyes! The beſt fencer ought to be manacled, and he who is diſfigured by a

* Perhaps, the author meant Elis, where Olympia was ſituated.

Myopy,

Myopy, to be furniſhed with glaſſes! Never was a concluſion drawn more prepoſterouſly from the premiſes, than in theſe of the balance ſo fooliſhly applied by the Engliſh to the preliminaries of equeſtrian trials."

Sir, Sir, if this ſecond caſe was a bet as well as the firſt, the betters would do well to take the precautions you mention, though you overcharge them a little. There is too great diſſimularity between theſe things, and their motives, to allow a parallel. If I conſent that my horſe bear an equal burden with yours, it is only wagering implicitly, that he is as ſtrong as yours. This is all the Engliſh do. The aim is to facilitate the matching of the horſes; that is all—" But, Sir, when I bring mine out into the liſts, I underſtand that he ſhall enjoy all his natural advantages."

And I, Sir, who do not confound natural advantages with the accidental diſadvantage of a greater weight to carry, conſider two things: if the natural advantages of the animal, whoſe ſpeed I oppoſe to you, are inferior to yours, I do not bet againſt you; if mine, with equal natural advantages, bears a heavier weight, I conſider that he is weakened by this difference, and again, I withdraw my bet. I know not if the Greeks acted thus; if they did not, they

muſt frequently have loſt their money very fooliſhly.

" And what do you think, Sir, of the extravagant regimen preſcribed by the philoſophers of the Thames, for the competitors at New-Market, whoſe object is to leſſen their ſtrength, in order to increaſe their ſpeed."

I think, Sir, that philoſophy quite to the purpoſe. Speed is the object, conſequently, the regimen which produces it is the beſt.

" How, Sir, is it by macerations, by the habitual uſe of ſtrong liquors, that we fit ourſelves for violent exerciſe. The Arabian horſes, the nobleſt, the ſtrongeſt, and the fleeteſt in the world, are not prepared after the Engliſh manner, yet they travel forty leagues a day without the bridle being taken out of their mouths. The grooms of that country would be aſtoniſhed at hearing, that in Europe the horſes cannot be made long-winded, without burſting them with ratifia, and at ſeeing that the courſe where the prize is to be given to ſtrength and rapidity, filled only with ſkeletons."

To undeceive you with regard to the ratifia, Sir, it would be neceſſary to give you the trouble of ſeeing how horſes are treated; you would find a regimen different from what you imagine. Had you ſeen thoſe Arabian horſes in the condition they are in, when they carry their riders forty leagues

leagues in one day, you would have ſeen that they were a little like ſkeletons too: that ſtrength and ſpeed, which ought to be crowned, have nothing more to do with roundneſs and fleſh, than good ſenſe with the ſwell of periods, or truth with the ſparkling wit of a parody.

L** multiplied his ſuppoſitions, and paid no attention to the horſe-breeder, who, in ſuch matters, knew more than the whole bar, and all the authors in the nation together: a few days after, he printed all the abſurdities he had uttered.

The reader will pardon me for having filled up the void of this day's tranſaction, with an account of this extraordinary converſation. As the danger of thinking wrong is one of thoſe errors that ought to be pointed out to youth, I have not wandered from my purpoſe, by ſtripping the L**s of their tinſel.

DAY THE TENTH.

We ſhould never reckon without our Hoſt.

THE happy day ſhone forth at laſt. My amorous impatience repreſented the two preceding days as two ages;—the excellent Doctor was all alive. Victory! victory! cried he on entering: Sir Walter is at laſt packed off, and, at this moment, is making the beſt of his way to Calais; the happy hour approaches, the crown of myrtle is prepared, the altar and the victim await you. Such was the text; the reader is already ſufficiently acquainted with his character, to conjecture what kind of commentary he added. I ſhall paſs ſlightly over ſuch incidents as were of little importance in the tranſactions of the day; nor will I attempt to deſcribe that impatience which muſt be eaſily conceived, that I may come to the period when the critical moment was cruelly poſtponed, and where my anxious deſires were ſtopped in their career, by one of thoſe tricks of the profeſſion, which, however common, do not fail daily to impoſe.

The Royal Academy of Muſic having finiſhed their tinkling din, I carried Mademoiſelle **

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to her home. Her coachman, Champagne, made me fly along in triumph by the light of a couple of flambeaux, which were carried by the heydukes, who were behind the coach, from the Opera to the ſtreet de Montmartre. A thouſand jealous admirers envied my good fortune, and ſaw me carry off my conqueſt: my vanity was indulged, and I hoped very ſoon to have my love gratified. Upon entering her houſe, I found that agreeable and affecting ſolitude, which announces a premeditated victory over a provident miſtreſs. My rivals had diſappeared, and every thing had ſeemed to conſpire in rendering my triumph compleat. The couſin was probably employed at the ſame time in beſtowing a triumph, and we ſupped *tete-a-tete*. It was impoſſible that my impatience could long reliſh the pleaſures of the table, and I longed for the end of our entertainment.

Unfortunately, I had committed an unpardonable crime, for my whole attention, the two preceding days, being taken up in thinking only of my deſires, I had forgot the terms upon which the fair creature had conſented to give up one week of her life in my favour. The diligent and provident Provence poſſibly had ſome avocations which diverted his attention likewiſe, as he had no more foreſight than myſelf. Yet,

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if the impatience of my deſires had left me time to reflect, I ſhould have thought that my word might have been taken, eſpecially after the preliminary compliment of the knot of diamonds had been delivered; but who could ever imagine, that the amiable flattering god of love was, after all, only a pirate, who would not conſent to a treaty of ranſom, without the pleaſing ſound of current coin? It was all in vain;—I could not inſpire my goddeſs with one ſpark of that fire with which I was animated: penſive and frozen, ſhe almoſt thruſt me from her;—ſome ſighs eſcaped her, but they were not the ſighs of tenderneſs, nor of deſire: I was confounded and aſtoniſhed; in a timid tone of voice I ventured to aſk what ſudden and unlooked for cauſe had deprived her of that captivating gaiety ſhe had while at the opera.—Nothing ſaid ſhe, with a forbidding air:—I attempted to warm her frozen heart, by the ardour of the moſt paſſionate tranſports. Cold and motionleſs, ſhe endured, but partook not of my raptures; every inſtant increaſed my confuſion and regret: I begged, prayed, and conjured her, but nothing could diſpel that cloud, which interpoſed between me, and that ſupreme happineſs, which I hoped to have found expreſſed in her eyes. My Lord, ſaid the fair one, looking at me with an air of ſorrow, you

do

do not love me; wherefore affect thoſe tranſports which you do not feel? I had recourſe to the ſtrongeſt oaths. To what end, ſaid ſhe, thoſe trifling aſſurances? Every day they are laviſhed upon us, but at the ſame time, with an intention of violating theſe fooliſh proteſtations. Ah! my Lord, you are very amiable, but Sir Walter loved me with ſincere affection. Notwithſtanding the impreſſion which the ſight of you has made upon my heart, I cannot help reflecting upon his departure with regret. If you knew with what candour and ſimplicity he acted! Although you have been but a few days in Paris, I already find a little of the Frenchman in you; I dread that diſpoſition.—How ſaid I, a little of the Frenchman?—Yes, intoxicated with the idea of your own merits, you imagine, perhaps, like them, that a woman is ſufficiently rewarded for the preference ſhe gives you, by being in poſſeſſion of your perſon. Your figure is moſt engaging, and you may flatter yourſelf upon that head with much more propriety than moſt of theſe gentlemen; but experience has taught me to prefer the real and ſolid proofs of your countrymen, to all the charms which art and nature have in their power to beſtow.

I did not ſufficiently comprehend Mademoiſelle * *, and I likewiſe exhauſted myſelf in fruitleſs

leſs ſpeeches, without laying hold of what was moſt eſſential. Finding that I did not comprehend her meaning, the fair creature was quite diſconcerted, and making a pretence for quitting the room, left me with Sophy who had juſt entered, probably truſting to her management for informing my youth and ſimplicity.

The favourite waiting maid cleared up the matter without much ceremony, by informing me of the cauſe of that reſerve, and thoſe ſcruples which I had not conceived. My Lord, ſaid ſhe, will you give me leave to ſpeak freely? Mademoiſelle is a ſteady provident girl; experience has inſpired her with the ſpirit of precaution; we know very well how you tranſacted your affair with Mademoiſelle * * * *; and without flattering ourſelves, we think we may carry our pretenſions at leaſt as high;—our honour is called upon to ſupport theſe claims. My miſtreſs has not a Mamma to enter into treaty for her, but I ſee plainly that you have not fulfilled your agreement. As my miſtreſs is a woman of her word, ſhe is full of doubts, every time that ſhe is deceived.—But ſaid I haſtily, I waited the moment of Sir Walter's departure, and Provence ...—Ah! My Lord, Provence forgot the main thing; he talked of returning again, when every obſtacle ſhould be removed. Theſe words, let me into the matter at once,

once, and ſhewed me the foundation of all Mademoiſelle * *'s ſcruples, and I had the remedy in my pocket-book, but in looking for it there, I was afraid to ſee how much it had loſt in weight and ſubſtance.

Although my character had never been influenced by intereſted motives, and that they had never made me heſitate in the gratification of any of my paſſions, I believe that if I had not ſpied the title to my Spaniſh treaſures, upon which I had ſecured an indemnity for all my fooliſh preſents, I ſhould have ſhut up my pocket-book, without having courage to extract the remedy for the fluctuating diſpoſition of my new miſtreſs. The reader will remember that it was a thouſand louis d'or:—My finances were got ſo low, that two or three ſuch preſcriptions muſt bring to an end all thoſe recipes which expand the bloſſoms of the love of our theatrical Armida's.

The Abigail, run to repair my omiſſion, without loſs of time, and inſtantly her miſtreſs returned. What a metamorphoſis! Her face was clothed in ſmiles, her looks were tender, her complaiſance exceſſive; however, my happineſs was deferred till the next day; my relenting divinity pleaded with regret ſuch reaſons as were to be reſpected. Compelled to yield to her delicacy, I found my deſires the more enflamed, but I was obliged to ſubmit.

DAY THE ELEVENTH.

A new Folly, of which the Reader will ſee the Conſequences.—How expenſive it is to learn Politeneſs.—Hope fruſtrated.

MY deſires were irritated by diſappointment. I had ſo narrowly miſſed the happineſs I expected to have ſeized the firſt inſtant of our *tete-a-tete!* but it had eſcaped me, like the waters from the lips of Tantalus. I paſſed the night in impatience, and, the inſtant I waked, my madneſs roſe to ſuch a pitch, that, in order to gain a ready and compleat victory, I determined to increaſe my liberalities ſo high, that the fair one ſhould find it impoſſible to reſiſt them. That very moment I ſent for a jeweller. One of my occaſional valets, who probably gueſſed for whom my intended purchaſe was deſtined, offered to bring Mr. Crook, who was employed by Mademoiſelle **. I conſented to it. In a few minutes he came, and diſplayed before me a dozen dazzling *Ecrains*.

I was in ſuſpenſe about the choice, when the Doctor came ſeaſonably to determine me. My Lord, ſaid the tradeſman, I luckily have ſomething

thing which I met with by accident: it is elegant, and you ſhall have it a bargain. He then drew out of his pocket a necklace, which we viewed with admiration. He rated it at the moderate price of twelve thouſand livres; in truth, ſaid he, I am giving it you for nothing. My friend, the phyſician, affected to examine this trinket with the ſcrupulous attention of a connoiſſeur. He commented upon every collet, and concluded with ſaying, it muſt be allowed, that is not dear. To take five hundred louis d'ors out of my pocket-book, began to embarraſs me; however, I could not reſiſt the deſire of making a figure on this important occaſion. I took the Doctor aſide, in order to impart my difficulty to him.—P'ſhaw! p'ſhaw! replied he, very loud, it is a trifle—your Lordſhip muſt not let that prevent you. Mr. Crook is a friend of mine, and loves to make things eaſy. If the jewel ſuits you, he will be content with your note.—How! my Lord, replied the obliging and polite jeweller, my whole ſtock is at your ſervice. If theſe diamonds can do you any pleaſure;—I may, notwithſtanding, take ſuch arrangements as you ſhall think proper.—So much generoſity and confidence made me incapable of entertaining the leaſt ſuſpicion of Mr. Crook, and without even imagining it poſſible, that a

man of his caſt would overcharge me, I entreated him to carry the diamonds himſelf to Mademoiſelle **.—Nothing more is neceſſary than that your Lordſhip will give me a few words of acknowledgment. He immediately drew out a note for the value, which I ſigned.

By the help of gold, Jupiter eluded the vigilance of Danaus, and ſoftened the cruelty of his daughter. Under the form of that all powerful metal, he even made his way into the brazen tower, where ſhe was confined. Diamonds work as great miracles.

Loaded with my preſents, the fair ** ſhewed, in her turn, the moſt eager impatience to crown ſo judicious efforts to pleaſe her. Mr. Crook delivered her compliments of thanks, like an orator, and aſſured me, that I was expected with impatience. I flew thither in my morning dreſs; how gallant you are, my Lord, cried my Princeſs, when ſhe ſaw me enter! Indeed, my Lord, you are irreſiſtible.—I anſwered,—ſhe replied. The reader ſuffers his imagination to take wing, and haſtens before me, to finiſh the ſcene. But he is miſtaken. The dextrous female played her part admirably well; this was not her firſt eſſay. She was interrupted at the very moment—upon which ſhe eagerly ſaid to me, ſo happy a day ought to be cloſed with an entertainment:—this evening

evening I expect you, I intend to crown you in the preſence of all your rivals. We muſt part; there is ſome company coming.—My enchantreſs re-conducted me to the anti-chamber, where I compleated my intoxication, by kiſſing her beautiful hand, and drinking from her looks large draughts of love and folly.

I dreſſed myſelf, and went with the Doctor to dine at Baron ***'s, whoſe vaſt conceptions had engaged me in the judicious ſcheme that emboldened me to empty my pocket book. From the Baron's, I went to ſhew myſelf at the Opera, from whence, more light and brilliant than Zephyr, I flew to find my Flora. It was near ten o'clock, when I arrived at Mademoiſelle **'s. What a confuſion, what a noiſe,—forty coaches barricaded the entry. The coachmen were reeking in the gate-way. A multitude of lacqueys crouded the anti-chambers; fifty elegant *Petits Maitres*, and the like number of adorable nymphs, fluttered in the apartments. The eyes of ſo many happy mortals were turned upon a ſingle perſon. The men, by their jealous looks, ſeemed to envy his happineſs, and the women to watch his glances.

This happy man was I; indeed, the bliſs was well worth more than I could pay. My pocket-book, why waſt thou not then full? I would willingly

willingly have parted with thee in exchange for a ſingle moment of ſuch pleaſure.

The ball begun. The company made me open it with the miſtreſs of the houſe.—My ears rung with inſidious encomiums.—'Tis love dancing with the moſt beautiful of the graces, ſaid they.—Let the reader figure to himſelf fifty young Frenchmen, thus with ironical praiſe playing upon a poor, ſtiff, aukward booby, rendered ſtill more ridiculous by the magnificence of his accoutrements, and whoſe ſtupid vanity made him take every thing they ſaid for current coin.—I was made much of, encircled, careſſed.—Men, women—the whole company rivalled each other in paying their court to me. At midnight, a magnificent cold collation was ſerved up, after which the dance was reſumed. While part of the gueſts were enjoying this amuſement, others were rambling through apartments opened on purpoſe, and lighted in exact proportion to the different ſcenes deſigned to be acted in them. On the other ſide, ſeveral parties engaged in deep play. Two Marquiſſes, and a Knight of Malta, challenged me to try my fortune.—They managed their buſineſs ſo artfully, and were ſo engaging, that it was not in my power to reſiſt them. Fortune, doubtleſs, jealous of the favours that were to be laviſhed on me by

love,

love, had reſolved to mitigate their exceſs by the moſt cruel rigour, and the demons of hell certainly conſpired with her to lead me aſtray. I was affected with a delirium ſtill more violent than when with Major Saggs, though that might have been in ſome ſort excuſed, as being the effect of intoxication; in ſhort, in leſs than two hours, the unfortunate pocket-book was entirely blown up, and nothing remained but the hopes from Spain. Love! Love! art not thou then the moſt powerful of the deities? At that moment I felt a rage, which all thy ſweets were incapable of calming. In vain did thy myrtles preſent themſelves to my eyes, my frozen ſenſes were dead to the moſt charming hopes which thou couldſt inſpire.

What was ſtill more fatal, the enormous ſum I had loſt, began to tranſpire. Already, they who had eagerly fixed their eyes upon me, turned away with indifference. The leaſt inhuman contented themſelves with coolly pitying me, my traiterous miſtreſs employed in collecting the winnings of a pool, ſeemed ignorant or regardleſs of my misfortune. I reflected upon ſo rapid a change;—gloomy and penſive at firſt, the fear of ſoon flying into a paroxyſm of fury, made me haſten to quit a place, where, at my entrance, I had ſeen an image of heaven, but which

which now only preſented to me hell in all its horrors.—I paſſed through anti-chambers, floating with the nauſeous effects of the intoxication of ſnoring lacqueys, and throwing myſelf into my carriage, haſtily ordered the amazed coachman to drive to the Hotel.

Provence never dreamed of ſitting up for me, he therefore got up to undreſs me.—Good God! my Lord, cried he, I thought you in the arms of the fineſt woman in Paris. I ſee you pale, exhauſted, your looks wild and furious.—Monſieur Provence, ſaid I to him in a ſullen tone, your countrymen are great rogues.—My Lord, they are to be met with in every country—I have the misfortune to meet with none but ſuch.—The reaſon is, that men of worth muſt be courted, and they who are not, court us.

I was ſurprized at hearing this moral ſentiment from the mouth of the agent of my pleaſures. I did not know that the vices of dependants are in a great meaſure owing to their ſituation, and that commonly they are copies of ourſelves.—My Lord, added he, you muſt take a little reſt: if you deign, to-morrow, to give me a particular account of your misfortune, I will try to find a remedy.—I frowned; his reflections ſeemed to me impertinent and out of ſeaſon.—I went to bed in a gloomy ſtupid ſilence.

When

When my curtains were drawn, I fell a prey to regret and diſquiet. My imagination wandered in ſearch of reſources to ſupply the exigencies of the moment. The mines offered me only a diſtant compenſation. At laſt, I forced myſelf to ground a hope upon the good offices of the Doctor. By help of this illuſion, I recovered my ſpirits ſo much, that I even vented a ſigh for Mademoiſelle **. I was again ſeized with my original giddineſs, and taxed myſelf with weakneſs for my departure. After theſe excellent reflections I tried to ſleep, but in vain: it was not till day appeared, that ſlumber deigned to cloſe my eyes.

DAY THE TWELFTH.

*Prudence of Doctor ***. A Retreat which I ought to have expected.*

THE cool reflection of the morning, preſented to my mind the true ſtate of the evening's tranſactions, accompanied with all its horrors. Theſe charming men, and ſeducing women, no longer appeared in my eyes but a parcel of fooliſh pick-pockets, and worthleſs courtezans. In vain did I attempt to reſtore that varniſh, by which I had at firſt been ſeduced. My ſad diſaſter engroſſing my thoughts, the illuſion fled far away;—I ſaw all their baſeneſs, and all my own folly.

I ſent for the Doctor, who had not been at the entertainment; and I charged my misfortune to his abſence; I wiſhed for his advice and conſolation. He at laſt came.—Ah! my dear friend, ſaid I, I am ruined! My pocket-book—What! ſaid he, is it empty?—Here he was ſtruck dumb, and ſtood quite mute, with a frozen look, and his eyes glewed to the cieling. As he continued in profound ſilence, I do not know added I, to what I ſhall have recourſe.—My Lord, ſaid he, this

this is very unfortunate.—Well, my dear Doctor, I have need of your advice, and aſſiſtance.—You have quite confounded me, but your banker, G * *—I am exceſſively vexed that your credit which you have ſo unfortunately exhauſted, was not upon * *. We were interrupted by a letter which was brought me. I ſaw in Engliſh what follows:

MY LORD,

"My affliction is exceſſive; I regretted exceedingly your having left my houſe ſo abruptly laſt night, yet conſidering every thing, perhaps it was rather fortunate, for you muſt have been witneſs to an affront which I received, and your preſence could have only made it more affecting. Ah! my Lord, what a difference between the liberty of this country and yours. Only think, I have been found fault with for the ball which I gave, and becauſe I permitted gaming in my houſe. Forgive me if I ſay that your imprudence in ſome degree has occaſioned me to be thus expoſed, you are in the number of thoſe who are ſaid to have reaſon to complain, yet you know that every one was left to his own inclination. Conſider, my Lord, what it is for ſuch a woman as I to be *reprimanded*. I conjure you do not come here this day, &c."

I have in a great meaſure forgot this charming epiſtle, however, I have at leaſt given the ſpirit and ſubſtance of it. I ſhould be aſhamed to tranſcribe the anſwer which I ſent; I will only ſay that it was of a piece with that credulity and unfortunate milkineſs which had led me, to ſay nothing more, from weakneſs to weakneſs.

I ſent it by one of my people. He found that the lady was decamped: She had got into the Marquis de ✱✱'s carriage immediately upon the breaking up of the ball, after writing the Adieu, which I had juſt received. A brutal ignorant porter, ſtill filled with the fumes of the wine, which he had ſwallowed the evening before, gave this account to my meſſenger, who repeated it to me without reſerve.

Ruined at play, betrayed, or rather tricked a ſecond time by love, judge what was my rage. There did not remain the leaſt illuſion to divert my attention, and the veil which ſhould have dropt from before my eyes, was torn away by violence.

The Doctor, with whom I was engaged at the time I received the letter, which I juſt now mentioned, diſappeared moſt expeditiouſly, while I was writing the anſwer.—When I enquired for him, I was told that he had left the hotel.—I

ſent

ſent to his houſe but he was not at home. O my exhauſted pocket-book! How you change people.

Left to myſelf I ſpent the reſt of the day in cruel perplexity, till I was worn out with vain projects, which, to ward off the calamities, fate preſented to my view.

DAY

DAY THE THIRTEENTH.

An unexpected accumulation of Misfortunes—Bitter Disgrace.—Consolation.—An extraordinary Meeting.

AFTER all the misfortunes which had befallen me during twelve days residence in this capital, I could not expect that fate had reserved disgraces a thousand times more irksome for the thirteenth. What had happened hitherto was but a prelude to what I was destined to suffer. After every thing had been united which could humble my vanity and punish my imprudence in secret, the most shameful vexations and the most disgraceful affronts were still to be added.

Having passed the night in restless agitation, I felt some stinging pains towards morning, which being local, the cause could not be mistaken, and the discovery filled me with the greatest horror. Ye young and imprudent travellers, however, little you may have cultivated opera acquaintances, ye undoubtedly understand me; but more especially if your connections have been formed by people whose profession depends upon sores and swellings, you can scarcely have escaped such accidents.

cidents. My blood being put in a ferment by this woeful diſcovery, was rendered ſtill more corroſive by the moſt oppreſſive reflections. I ſhed tears of anger and diſtraction, and with horror recollected the execrable * * *. I was plunged in an abyſs dug under my feet, by repentance, ſhame, and deſpair, when Mr. Crook, the honeſt dealer, who had given me credit for the necklace, which I had ſent to the treacherous Mademoiſelle * *, was announced.

My Lord, ſaid he, in a ſmooth tone, I come to receive payment of your Lordſhip's note.—I was aſtoniſhed at a demand ſo unexpected. How, ſaid I, with a faultering voice, and turning pale like a criminal, which the jeweller obſerving;—yes, my Lord, ſaid he, in a more ſevere manner, I am informed that you are going to ſet out for England. I am perſuaded, that you did not propoſe to depart until you had ſettled with me; I am come,—I ſet out for England! there is not the leaſt likelihood of it. Yes, my Lord, I was informed of it laſt night from good authority; there were ſo many circumſtances added, when I was made acquainted with your intentions, that I thought it prudent to be provided againſt all events; but I ſhould think myſelf much to blame, if I did not behave in the moſt unexceptionable manner to your Lordſhip.

Lordſhip. The decree which I have procured is only a form, by way of precaution, becauſe I am certain it is very far from your thoughts to do me an injury. Your going away in a clandeſtine manner, is only a chimera of thoſe people who ſent me the information. It is very poſſible, that you have reaſons to haſten your return to England, without any intention of carrying off the property of a poor tradeſman.

At every word which my doubtful and cautious creditor pronounced, I was more and more thunderſtruck. That indignation which ſuch injurious treatment could not fail to inſpire, ſucceeded to my aſtoniſhment. Circumſtanced as I was, I ought to have reſtrained my anger, but being provoked by all the misfortunes and inſults which poured upon me at once, I forgot that the man who is in debt, has pledged his liberty to the perſon to whom he is become a debtor; and giving full ſcope to my rage, I imprudently abuſed the man, in whoſe power I had put myſelf. He replied to my fruitleſs reproaches, with threatnings which he did not delay to put in execution. The fiery Provence, no leſs provoked than I was, drove him with violence out of my apartment.

In the ſtruggle the enraged Mr. Crook dropped a note out of his pocket, which one of my people having

having picked up, inſtantly put it in my hands. I opened it, but how great was my aſtoniſhment, when, in well-known characters, I haſtily read what follows:

SIR,

"The obligations which I owe you, and the good underſtanding which ſhould ſubſiſt between us, oblige me to inform you that *the young fool* ruined himſelf laſt night at my houſe. He went off raging mad, and will infallibly go to his own country, without giving notice. It is not enough that I get rid of him; you likewiſe ſhould be ſatisfied. The ſudden retreat of his countryman two months ago, ſhould be a leſſon to you to take the neceſſary precautions by times. As for me, I am going to the country with the little Marquis, and, at our return, you and I ſhall ſettle our little matters. Burn this."

Horror and diſmay made me let the paper drop from my hands. The infernal furies could not equal the extaſy of my rage: it was ſo violent, that I was almoſt ſuffocated. I ſent to inquire for the Doctor, and my meſſenger brought word that he too was gone into the country, to paſs two or three days with a patient. A patient! cried I, 'tis the only one;—the firſt ſince my arrival in Paris:—I penetrate the myſtery of this

iniquity. The villain ſhares with the others in the booty! I had not ſtrength ſufficient to ſay any more:—horror, at ſuch a number of treacheries, plunged me, for a couple of hours, into a ſituation difficult to deſcribe, and when I began to recover, I fell into new perplexity. My imagination repreſented all the miniſters of juſtice ſurrounding me, and ſet on by the crowd of infamous wretches, who had enſnared me into this abyſs*.

There was not a moment to be loſt, and it was high time to take ſome meaſures. I ſent in ſearch of my implacable creditor, to tell him that he might come and receive payment. My meſſenger found him but little inclined to return, yet the hope of touching the money brought him back. I know, Sir, ſaid I to him, as ſoon as he entered, it is only theſe villains who have robbed me, that could inſpire you with thoſe apprehenſions which made you inſult me, but that does not ſignify, they muſt be diſſipated. I have a deed of conſiderable value, which I propoſe to place in your hands as a ſecurity till you receive payment. My Lord, ſaid he, notwithſtanding the uſage I have to complain of, and preſſing demands for money, I ſhall ſtill

* The ſenſe in the original is here very dubious, but the tranſlator hopes he has given the meaning.

think

think myſelf happy in being uſeful to you, and will give into any meaſure that is reaſonable. Well Sir, replied I, if you are not paid in a month, the deed ſhall be your own. O, my Lord, I only aſk what is my due, with the lawful intereſt, which is but reaſonable. Far be from me the tricks of hard unreaſonable ſouls, who get poſſeſſion of pledges, three and four times the value, and the very inſtant of forfeiture, confiſcate them to their own advantage.

I then took the precious bond for the ſhare in the mines out of my pocket-book;—here Sir, ſaid I, here is your ſecurity. After having glanced over it, he coldly replied, is this all the ſecurity you have to give me? How all! This deed coſt me three thouſand louis d'ors, and you cannot have it for five thouſand upon the 'Change. He ſmiled with a look of contempt. My Lord, I have ſome ſuch as this to ſell you for fifteen hundred livres, and in eight days time they will fetch no price. Good morning to you, my Lord, I kiſs your hands, my time is precious. If your money is ready, ſend it to my houſe before one o'clock. He then went away. I remained ſpeechleſs, and more enraged than before; I was ſtupified with deſpair, which deprived me of all powers of thinking. Frightened at having made ſo great a ſacrifice for

nothing, I waited my misfortune in ſilence, and with a wild inſenſibility.

The fatal hour had but juſt ſtruck, when I was arreſted in the king's name. Had thunder fallen at my feet, it could not have had a more terrible effect. At ſight of the bailiffs who ſurrounded me, I roared like a lion; I foamed at the mouth, and the tears ſtreamed in torrents down my cheeks. I was obliged to go, and was carried to the *Fort l'Eveque* with Provence. Having arrived at an abode, whoſe horrors were ſo new to me, I felt a cold ſweat over my whole body;—the ſight of ſuch hideous monſters as were before my eyes, with the noiſe of twenty wickets, which were opened with a rattling din, made me ſtart moſt terribly. Having traverſed ſeveral apartments of this dreadful dwelling, between two rows of priſoners, who were attracted by curioſity to gaze at me, I came to a gloomy retreat, which I was told was the place allotted for me;—I threw myſelf, or rather I fell without ſtrength, and almoſt inſenſible, upon a wretched truckle bed without furniture, which was ſtanding before me. I continued ſobbing and in tears till the evening, without being able to reply to the comfort which the diſtreſſed Provence employed to raiſe my exhauſted ſpirits. I refuſed every kind of nouriſhment;—I was ſo overwhelmed,

whelmed, that if the ſtinging pains which avenged inſulted modeſty had not, from time to time, revived a difagreeable recollection of my hateful exiſtence, my dejection would have been like death itſelf.

About ſix o'clock in the evening, the horrid noiſe of keys rattling, interrupted that ſilence which reigns under the hideous vaults of this frightful abode. My door was opened, but what was my ſhame and confuſion, when I ſaw the Chevalier ** and Bouillac. At ſight of them, I quickly turned my head, and with my hands endeavoured to hide my face, while my tears flowed with double violence, and my diſtracted ſoul was ready to expire. Wherefore this affliction? ſaid the Chevalier **, in the moſt gentle manner, we are your friends, and come here only to oblige you The report of the inſult which you have ſuffered, has reached us; we have not heſitated a moment;—do us the favour, my Lord, to accept our good offices, in return for the confidence which we requeſt. I have brought Bouillac with me, becauſe I am certain that his good heart will engage him to ſerve you with his wonted activity.

I caſt a melancholy look towards them;—an emotion of melting gratitude made me lay hold of the Chevalier **'s hand; but, ſeized with

ſhame

ſhame and confuſion, I inſtantly let it go, and ſunk again upon the bed. Courage, my dear friend, ſaid he, youth may be guilty of ſome follies, but our friends ſhould be permitted to extricate us. Explain yourſelf openly, without which we can do nothing. A little encouraged by theſe expreſſions, I recovered ſtrength, while I was interrupted by ſighs and tears, to explain the circumſtances and cauſe of my anguiſh. There is not in all this ſufficient cauſe for ſuch deep affliction, ſaid Bouillac; we ſhall defer to another opportunity, making ſuch reflections as your ſituation might produce, but at preſent, we muſt think of getting you out of this dreary abode. Your banker muſt be made acquainted with your neceſſities, and the ſpeedy conſumption of the credit which you had upon him, may be ſupplied by his confidence in us. I am ſorry, ſaid the Chevalier **, that I cannot get you releaſed before to-morrow morning, but we muſt endeavour, for this night, to procure all the comfort and conveniences, which can be collected in ſo ſhort a time, and in ſuch a place. Take courage, I leave you that I may be employed to abridge your confinement; and going away, he left Bouillac with me, whoſe tender and indulgent friendſhip entirely cured my deſpair, and, by calm reflections prepared to amend

amend thoſe faults for which I bluſhed moſt ſincerely.—The keeper of the priſon did not delay, but made me walk into a more convenient and decent apartment. After making me take ſome ſlight nouriſhment, the Chevalier Bouillac bedewed with my grateful tears, quitted me with watery eyes.

I began to breathe.—Like an unfortunate wretch dragged from the bottom of a deep river and gradually reſtored to life by draining off the ſuffocating fluid, my ſoul began to ſurmount her ſorrows. I grew drowſy from fatigue, notwithſtanding the acute pains with which my body was afflicted.

After my mind was reſtored to peace, I ſhould have given myſelf up to ſleep, if Provence had not announced the viſit of two priſoners, who were anxious to ſee me. It was my Lord M . . . and M. P . . .; he had ſcarce time to tell their names, when without waiting any anſwer, they entered almoſt as ſoon as he did. Well, my dear countryman, ſaid my Lord M . . ., by what unhappy accident do we find you in our company. As to me, I am ſenior of the houſe, and become as good a philoſopher as Seneca;—a wiſe man may find happineſs every where. I live like a king, and don't care a fig for the ſcoundrels who had me confined, and I would rather continue an age in this place,

place, than pay them a ſingle halfpenny. As for poor P . . . here, his ſtoiciſm is not yet arrived at ſuch a pitch as to fancy this curſed Caucaſus, to be Olympus. He ſometimes laments his ſituation, but when he is ſo childiſh, with good wine and punch, and ſome pretty girls who come to help us to philoſophiſe, I bring him into good humour, and teach him to bid defiance to misfortunes.

I hearkened with ſurpriſe to a diſcourſe which muſt appear very extraordinary in the mouth of the perſon who ſpoke it; but without giving me time to anſwer, he added, this day is a feſtival with us, if you pleaſe you muſt be chearful;—melancholy has never kept her ground in my preſence; if ſhe does, you will be the firſt into whom my advice and example has failed to inſpire at one and the ſame time the inflexibility of Epictetus, and the gaiety of Democritus. Come my dear Lord, I want to ſhew you ſome philoſophers of my ſchool, we have a great number of good company here, and many of them more honeſt than thoſe who keep them confined.

I would gladly have been excuſed, but they would not admit of any apology, and I was obliged to let myſelf be dragged into Lord M . . .'s apartment. There was an excellent ſupper, and the beſt company of the *Fort l'Eveque*. I could make

make but a ſorry figure at this entertainment.—They vainly attempted to rouſe me from my ſilence.—There is a cuſtom eſtabliſhed among us, ſaid Lord M.... after ſupper, which is, that every new comer ſhall make a candid confeſſion of the cauſes which have procured to us the pleaſure of ſeeing him; and to encourage him, every one in his turn, gives him a genuine hiſtory of their diſgrace; it is by this early confeſſion that we know one another; therefore my dear Lord, prepare to give yours, and in the mean time liſten to mine.

Women, wine, play, knaves and pick-pockets, in bands, and in feathers, but chiefly a phyſician, whom our countrymen frequently quote in ſimilar ſituations, and laſtly my own follies, have all co-operated to clap upon me this ſtone doublet; but the ill deſigning people who were the cauſe of my being foiſted up in this place, will have their pains for their trouble. Thanks to my philoſophy, I enjoy a good ſtate of health, and I hope to tire their patience.—It is your turn now friend P...., tell us your ſtory without bluſhing or flinching.

My hiſtory, my Lord, turns upon the ſame points nearly with what you have already heard, and the like cauſes have brought me into this priſon; but the great phyſician has

acted a more diſtinguiſhed part in my adventures. I can ſcarely relate my affairs *ab ovo*, without affixing his name to the title. You muſt know, then, that I had been but eight days in Paris, when I had the misfortune to get acquainted with the Doctor. I was ſpur'd on a little by the demon of the fleſh, and vainly blowed the coal from a ridiculous deſire of being the ſubject of converſation. The moſt officious Doctor diſcovered for me a pretended innocent, who was under the wing of the *deareſt* of all *mammas*. I purchaſed, and paid like a Lord for firſt fruits, which, perhaps, had been already ſold the hundredth time; but I was not long before I diſcovered the impoſition. Provoked at being tricked, I wiſhed to retract certain engagements which I had come under to the ſuppoſed mother; but the cautious cunning hag, well verſed in the practice, and perfectly acquainted with the ſtyle of the notary, had given them a form, to which no reply could be made but by payment; but I would not pay, and was therefore brought to this place of reflection, where I contend the matter by the help of an attorney, who knows the law with all its windings and turnings. My ſuit is quite plain. By the anecdotes of the life of the little Mademoiſelle I....., which I have been able to collect from more than one Br——l, I prove that

that I did not receive value, which of courſe renders null my engagements. I go ſtill farther *eſt error perſonæ*, for the worthy Madam I..... promiſed to deliver me her daughter, and her daughter new and chaſte as Diana: but ſhe delivered the daughter of a mean waſherwoman, in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard, where virginity never yet inhabited. You ſee, my Lord, my cauſe is a good one, but nevertheleſs I am ſhut up here by the interpoſition of five or ſix *Fripiers**, whom the good lady has employed. If it had not been for my Lord M...., I ſhould have given up to ſilly deſpair, and perhaps have thrown that money into the laps of my perſecutors, which I hope to make them purchaſe, by going through all the ſiftings of the Police; beſides, you ſee we live a jolly life here.—Your health, my Lord, I am glad to ſee you in this place.

All the gueſts, by turns, entertained me with the recital of their hiſtories, which were much like thoſe already told, and at laſt it came to my turn. My Lord M..... and M. P..., ſaid I, have imputed their diſgrace to the faculty. It is to the inſtigations of the ſame man, that I am indebted for the ſhame and diſgrace of having

* *Fripiers* are people who ſell ſecond-hand cloaths.

been guilty of more follies in ten or twelve days, and having been a greater dupe in that ſhort time, than they have been in whole years. I gave them the particulars of what happened to me during my reſidence, and when I had done, comfort yourſelf, ſaid P...., you are not the only man whom he has led into a ſcrape, and probably, you will not be the laſt,—Thank God, however, that things have turned out in this manner. He has been the cauſe of your pains, and that is bad enough, but it would have been much worſe with you, if he had undertaken to cure them.

They would have had me ſpend the reſt of the night in their company, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail with my Lord M.... to let me go to take a little reſt, that I might be able to ſettle my affairs next morning! How! ſettle, ſaid he, you are going to leave us very ſoon then? My Lord, replied I, I have not much philoſophy, and I poſſeſs a handſome fortune—I had rather ſacrifice my money, and preſerve a ſtrength of mind, of which I am obliged to be an œconomiſt for a better purpoſe; beſides, the air of this place, however agreeable your good company might make it, does not ſuit with my preſent ſtate of health. Adieu then, my dear Lord, get well, and begin again, that you may return

return to us as ſoon as you can; it is an even bet that you will find me here ready to receive you.

I retired quite oppreſſed and worn out with pain, but could not enjoy any quiet ſleep for the acute torments cauſed by the infection with which I had been ſeized, and horrid ſtartings out of frightful dreams that my brain was filled with by the hideouſneſs of the place and the diſagreeable occaſion.

DAY THE FOURTEENTH.

Another Converſion which followed mine—The Story of Monſieur Provence.—My getting out of Priſon.—My Reſolutions.

ACROSS the ſuffocating heaps of houſes, cloſely crouded together, which ſurround the *Fort l'Eveque*, Aurora, who makes her appearance later here than to the reſt of Paris, being more lazy than me, found I was awake, when ſhe darted her firſt rays between the iron bars which ſecured my window. I had been employed above an hour, in reflecting within myſelf, and bluſhing at the thoughts of the palpable artifices to which I had been a dupe. Indignation and rage had ſubſided, and nothing remained but that kind of ſelf-contempt which is ſo near a-kin to a ſincere purpoſe of amendment. In theſe firſt moments of my returning reaſon, I addreſſed myſelf to heaven, in expreſſions of thankfulneſs, even for thoſe pains which were the ſad and ſhameful fruit of guilty and deceitful pleaſures.

I conſidered more particularly, the ſupple, crawling meanneſs, of that baſe contemptible wretch who had led me into thoſe crooked paths,

ſcattered

ſcattered with flowers, by which I arrived at vice and deep diſhonour.

Provence was ſnoring ſoundly upon a bed which had been prepared for him in my chamber, and naturally became the ſubject of my obſervations; I had the juſtice to ſee nothing in this domeſtic, but the unconcerned and ſubordinate miniſter of my deſires, whether tending to good or evil. Wretched effect of ſervitude, ſaid I to myſelf, which makes us become worthleſs, though perhaps we are not corrupted! I drew an accurate parallel between baſe and ſubmiſſive obedience, and the ſyſtematical ſubtilty of a man, whoſe free and elevated rank of life, ſhould exalt his ſoul above the meanneſs to which ſervitude is obliged to ſubmit. Seeing both the one and the other with a *caduceus* in their hands, I could by no means pardon the laſt, while an indulgence which appeared reaſonable, inclined me to excuſe the other.

I was reſolved, however, to waken my ingenious valet-de-chambre. As he had been an accomplice in my follies, I was willing to convert him as a firſt ſtep to my own converſion.—I called him.—Monſieur Provence, ſaid I, after what has happened, I ought to diſmiſs you from my ſervice. By the contemptible piece of buſineſs which you tranſacted for me with ſo much

much ſkill, you contributed to hurry me over the precipice. This alone would be ſufficient reaſon for my parting from you, but I am willing to forget the manner by which you aſſiſted in leading my youth aſtray, becauſe I dare to flatter myſelf, that you will adopt the ſenſible and honeſt conduct in future, which I am reſolved to purſue with all who ſhall approach me. —My Lord, ſaid he, in that rank where my unhappy circumſtances placed me, I thought I owed the moſt perfect ſubmiſſion to your orders; but at the ſame time I muſt beg your Lordſhip will do me the favour to believe, that it was with no ſmall regret I ſaw you give yourſelf up with ſuch unbounded deſires to all the irregularities into which you was hurried, but it was not my buſineſs to adviſe you, eſpecially at a time when my advice would probably have been but ill received. I confeſs with ſorrow, that I acted the part of the dog who carried his maſter's dinner on his neck. Not being able to ſave it from the greedineſs of thoſe who came round me, I took my ſhare. I depend upon your Lordſhip's juſtice, however, to diſtinguiſh between a poor ſervant, who obeys the orders he receives, and the dangerous ſhameleſs villain, who lays the ſnare, and brings about the opportuity. —Monſieur

Monſieur Provence, I pardon you upon condition, that from henceforth your honeſty ſhall equal your rhetoric.—My Lord, I ſhould be exceſſively happy never to execute any of your orders, but ſuch as will do you honour. I have not profited by ſcampering over the world. My ſituation has debaſed me, but I ſometimes recollect the principles of my youth and education.—How, ſaid I, your education? Yes, my education; it was very good, and I ought to have made a better uſe of it. If the recital of the adventures of ſuch a poor devil is worth your notice, you will ſee, my Lord, that I ſtrayed in juſt ſuch paths as thoſe in which your Lordſhip had like to have ruined yourſelf; and, that I may have particular reaſons for lamenting the exceſs of the laſt error, in which you was unfortunately involved. In the courſe of my adventures, fatal experience has convinced me, how dangerous it is for a ſervant to remonſtrate with his maſter: female vengeance has written upon my back that never to be forgotten leſſon; *Preſume not to ſay any thing to your ſuperiors but what they wiſh to hear.* I teſtified ſome curioſity to hear his hiſtory, becauſe I wiſhed to know what adventure of his, could have any connection with the unhappy courſe of events in

which I had been engaged. He began nearly as follows:

I was born at Riez, of very worthy parents;—my father was a judge lateral, and my mother the daughter of a citizen, in eaſy circumſtances, of Marſeilles: I am an only ſon, having but one ſiſter, who is at preſent happily ſettled at Frejus. At the death of my parents, I might have looked for a ſucceſſion of about twenty thouſand crowns, and, if my wandering diſpoſition had permitted me to make a good uſe of this little fortune, I might have been at this time a creditable citizen in good circumſtances, and have promiſed myſelf to have ſate down, at leaſt, on the *fleurs-de-lys* in ſome court of judicature: but warm paſſions, and a libertine ſpirit, made me fly out of all reaſonable bounds, and deſtroyed this rational proſpect. I ſtudied at the college of Marſeilles, and in all the tragedies which were played by the ſcholars, I excelled. This little ſucceſs inſpired me with an eager deſire to go upon the ſtage. I ran away one day from the boarding-houſe to ſteal to the theatre, and I was delighted with every thing I ſaw there. Among other things, I was moſt ſenſibly affected with the figure and performance of a young actreſs, whoſe eyes ſpoke much more eloquently than thoſe of my profeſſor. Before the piece was finiſhed, I found myſelf

myſelf at once fired with the love of Mademoiſelle Victoire, and enſnared by the theatrical dæmon. From that inſtant, I was reſolved to make my eſcape from college, and I watched the favourable opportunity to put my deſign in execution. I was informed by ſome of our day-ſcholars, who frequented the play-houſe at the riſk of a whipping, that the company was about to leave Marſeilles, to go and perform at Aix. So ſoon as I knew that they were on the road, I made my eſcape and joined them. My figure had the good fortune to pleaſe the manager, and had no leſs effect upon Mademoiſelle Victoire, who had a conſiderable influence with him, as well as the reſt of the company, to whom her beauty and talents were very uſeful. I was admitted into the company. I will not tire your Lordſhip with the particulars of my life as a comedian: it is ſufficient to ſay, that for two years, I trod the ſtage in all the country towns, and gave into all the debaucheries which commonly diſtinguiſh the wandering lives of ſtrollers.

Being at laſt tired of rambling, I was reſolved to go and try my fortune at Paris, as I durſt not return to my relations in whoſe eyes the profeſſion of a mountebank had made my elopement inexcuſable. By being on the ſtage, where I had

often confronted the hiſſes of the audience I acquired an aſſurance and intrepidity of countenance which is not to be attained elſewhere.—I very ſoon made a great number of coffee-houſe acquaintance, and among the reſt that of a little hump-backed Italian prieſt, who lived by teaching the language of his country and ſelling antiques. This man was well acquainted with the reſources to be found in a capital, and the different diſguiſes which are the moſt propitious to the diligent. He adviſed me to aſſume the character of Abbé, and offer my ſervices as a tutor. You are a handſome young fellow, ſaid he, and in this dreſs, you cannot fail to pleaſe ſome reaſonable woman who will put her ſon under your care, and without apprehending any bad conſequences, may adjuſt matters with you. He took upon himſelf to find ſuch a place for me. You cannot imagine, ſaid he, what reſources the little band affords us, for with it, we get admiſſion every where, and it is the eaſy acceſs it procures, which enables me to be of uſe to you on the preſent occaſion; unhappily by being obliged to live by one's wits, we muſt aſſume the dreſs which carries our point the ſooneſt, and under which we are beſt concealed.

In about four days after this diſcourſe, my Italian came in queſt of me. I have ſucceeded for you, ſaid he, and you are to go upon my recommendation

commendation to the houſe of Madam **, who is the wife of a counſellor. This couple have an only ſon who is to be your pupil. Mr. ** is a man of threeſcore that idolizes his ſon, and leaves his wife to her own diſcretion. You will have very little to do with him. The deſire of having an heir made him marry Madam ** about ten years ago, when ſhe was about twenty. Satisfied if he could have poſterity, nothing with regard to the conduct of his wife, except an indiſcreet diſcovery, could ſhock him, and ſince ſhe was not equal to the cares of domeſtic œconomy, he conſented that ſhe ſhould give it in charge to ſome other perſon, but this is a liberty which his dear half indulges only with reſerve and dignity. At thirty years of age this woman has all the fervour of a warm conſtitution, and tutor of your age and figure, under this habit, which is the emblem of diſcretion, cannot fail to be agreeable to her. Meet me at five o'clock at the *Place-Royale*, and you ſhall be immediately introduced.

I was exact to a minute at the rendezvous, and that evening was introduced at the counſellor's. Madam examined me from head to foot, and after aſking a few trivial queſtions, I was accepted. I did not delay in getting myſelf inſtalled in this houſe, and ſoon obſerved that the care which was

expected

expected in the education of my pupil, was the leaſt laborious part of my employment. The Mamma was freſh and reliſhing, and if I had been reaſonable enough to be ſatisfied with the domeſtic employments, which ſhe provided, I might have lived a long time happy in this family, and waited in peace for the inheritance of my parents who were provoked at my fooliſh eſcape from Marſeilles; but my libertine temper came to deſtroy my happineſs.

We lived on the marſh, and there was a laundreſs of the *Fauxburg St. Antoine* that waſhed for the family, who never came to the houſe without being accompanied by a little brunette about fourteen. Notwithſtanding the little care which this child took of her charms, my roguiſh knowing eye ſoon diſcovered a lovely countenance, and more eſpecially a certain amorous look, which, in the temper I was of at that time, I could not withſtand. For ſome time I ſought to have a little chat with this chick, and our intimacy was pretty far advanced. One day ſhe happened to be in my apartment, helping me to tumble a pair of ſheets which ſhe came there in ſearch of, when the miſtreſs of the houſe entered abruptly, and looked upon this action as a domeſtic robbery, which ſhe probably regretted more than every other

other kind of theft which I could have committed.

Thanks to the lady's amorous conſtitution, I made my peace that very night by making her amends with uſury; but the little laundreſs never appeared again. Love is very obſtinate and miſchievous, and the more a thing is forbidden us, the ſtronger is our inclination. The little girl was rivetted in my heart, and my only thoughts were how to find the means of ſeeing her again, and ſecuring her in my poſſeſſion. My ſalary as tutor was very genteel, and with other views my patroneſs provided moſt amply for all my wants; I had likewiſe conſiderable perquiſites, and no opportunity was let ſlip of making me ſome preſent. On New Year's-Day and every other anniverſary, I was ſure to get ſomething. With ſo many reſources, I conceived the project of hiring lodgings for Thereſa, and I very ſoon put it in execution.

During a whole month, I quietly enjoyed the ſweets of this clandeſtine union. Madam **, could not but be ſenſible of the void in her pleaſures, which was a neceſſary conſequence, but I concealed the cauſe by feigning indiſpoſition. Far from ſuſpecting any thing, the good lady employed the moſt delicate care and attention ſpeedily to repair the injury which ſuch precious health had

had ſuſtained, but at length, fortune was reſolved to deſtroy my happineſs. I could not find a retreat for Thereſa, but in ſome houſe where a rigid enquiry was not to be made, and to which the officers of the police conſequently ſometimes directed their attention. I went there every day towards the evening on different pretences, which the indulgent credulity of the amorous Madam * *, prevented her from fathoming. The rude officers of the police love dearly to lay hold of an Abbé, and by watching my motions, they ſurprized me in the arms of my Dulcinea. I reſiſted, which occaſioned ſome diſturbance, and for my pains I had the mortification to be ſent to B.... The mother of my pupil being alarmed, no doubt, at not ſeeing me return, applied for information to the Lieutenant of the Police, where it was not difficult to find the clew to ſuch adventures as mine. The ſcandalous circumſtances which accompanied this ſecond infidelity, appeared to her unpardonable; ſhe would neither ſee me, nor afford me her protection.

After fifteen days correction in B——I was ſet at liberty. I immediately went to my little Italian Abbé, where I received a moſt ſevere and ſenſible reproof. He was charged with the care of reſtoring whatever belonged to me, with ſome louis-

louis-d'or, which the lady's anger did not hinder her gratitude from adding to the fees of my ſmall ſalary.

All this diſgrace did not extinguiſh my extravagant love. My firſt care then was to trace my dear Thereſa, but I was a great while before I could get any intelligence. She likewiſe had been obliged to make a retreat, but as ſhe was young and handſome, one of the adminiſtrators took compaſſion on her, for having paid the uſual fee to the holy man, her captivity was ſoon at an end, when ſhe took care to find ſhelter for her charms with one of theſe obliging women who are uſed to entertain young girls that have unfortunately been forſaken.

Thereſa was ſo young and tempting, in ſpite of the misfortune that had juſt happened to her, that Madam G... was reſolved to ſet her to rights again, in the hopes of profiting accordingly. Her virginity being reſtored by a wonderful ſecret with which the matron was acquainted, ſhe had no difficulty in finding a credulous cuſtomer who could pay well. This flower was offered to the Marquis D**, who being delighted with his good fortune, very ſoon exalted his prize to the haughty rank of the firſt *Laiſes** in Paris.

* Lais was a famous courtezan of Corinth.

One day when I was taking a walk upon the Boulevard to divert melancholy thoughts, I perceived a face in a magnificent carriage, whoſe features occaſioned ſuch aſtoniſhment, as to deprive me of all my ſenſes. They were no leſs than thoſe of Thereſa. I was reſolved at any rate to accoſt her, and profiting by my meagre, worn-out appearance, I drew near to her carriage with my hat in my hand, and in the humble poſture of an unhappy ſuppliant;—my fair Princeſs, ſaid I, have compaſſion upon a poor young man out of employment, who has not a penny to carry him home to his own country. Mademoiſelle ✱✱, (for the humble name of Thereſa had vaniſhed) with an air of arrogance and incredible preſence of mind, dropt a piece of money into my hat, and then turning her head, without any emotion, reſumed the converſation with ſome Petit-Maitres, who eagerly preſſed forward to the oppoſite door of her carriage. Here, with aſtoniſhment, I interrupted the recital of my valet-de-chambre. How! was this wretch known to you when I ſent you to her? Yes, my Lord, but I had no deſire to remind her of my former good fortune; and I durſt ſtill leſs mention it to you for a reaſon which you ſhall hear.

I did not know then, obſcure as the origin and beginning of a courtezan may be, how

how rapidly the torrent of proſperity leads to forgetfulneſs, ſo that from one day to another they have not the leaſt recollection of what is paſt, and ſuddenly become as inſolent as Thereſa. Neither did I know how uſeleſs or dangerous it is to attempt to undeceive a Petit-Maitre, who prides himſelf in the thoughts of being the firſt acquaintance of theſe creatures: but I learnt it at my coſt.

The thirſt of vengeance for the inſolent contempt with which I had been treated, preyed upon my heart, and I was determined to ſatisfy it. My imagination was exhauſted, in ſtudying the means of getting into her houſe; but having got into intimacy with the ſervants of the Marquis, I was informed that he wanted a running footman. Being nimble and well-made, I was reſolved to go and offer my ſervices, and I was accordingly engaged. I waited with great impatience for that moment in which my maſter ſhould employ me on ſome meſſage to my falſe one, and on the very day that I entered into his ſervice I had that ſatisfaction. More ſwift than an arrow from a bow, I flew to the place where I expected to make an ungrateful wretch bluſh for her perfidy. Poor fool that I was! I did not know that it is as eaſy to make a river flow back to its ſource, as to diſconcert a courtezan. I wanted to expoſe her, but ſhe laughed at me;—

I endeavoured to perſuade the Marquis who he had for a miſtreſs, and for my pains was treated as a knave and impoſtor; after having received a thouſand blows, I was ſent back, upon her complaint, to the infernal dungeon where I had been tranſported before for my fooliſh love.

I paſſed three whole months there, and during this long confinement I had ſufficient leiſure for making reflections on my paſt life. I repreſented to myſelf the peaceable ſatisfactory lot which a prudent behaviour muſt have ſecured to me in my father's houſe, and drew a parallel between it and the wretched mortifying life of a wandering mountebank, without either houſe or home; and with the mean treacherous part of a pimp in the band of an Abbé. I repreſented to myſelf the vexatious ſituation I was brought into by thoſe two people, and was reſolved, at any rate, to make my peace with my father, the Judge, and like the prodigal ſon, return to *Ricz*, carrying in my hand the ſtaff of the pilgrim.

The very inſtant I recovered my liberty, I put in execution this laudable project, but when I ſet out, I did not know the dangers to which a young man is expoſed on the high-way. I had no other means to ſupport me on the road but the benevolent charity of people, whom chance might throw in my way. At ſome diſtance from Lyons,

Lyons, I accoſted a luſty man, who, like myſelf, was travelling on foot, and whoſe temper ſeemed to be frank and chearful. I acquainted him with my ſituation, and nobody could be more complaiſant. He took compaſſion on a poor unfortunate young man of family, and offered to pay my expences while we ſhould be together. When we were about to part, he ſaid, if you will give me a ſimple receipt for the money, that your relations may ſettle with me, I will give you wherewithall to carry you home. I was delighted with the benevolent heart of this worthy man, and I thanked heaven for this fortunate meeting. Having arrived at the inn where we were to ſleep that night, my companion ordered the beſt of every thing in the houſe, and likewiſe made me drink plentifully. I was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at the magnificence of the pilgrim, but my youth baniſhed reflection, and I readily gave up to whatever he propoſed. Before we parted, he generouſly lent me ten crowns, for which I ſigned an obligation, which he drew up in what manner he pleaſed, for I did not look at it.

How great was my ſurprize next morning, when I found myſelf waked by a ſerjeant of the regiment of * *, who told me that I was liſted, and that I muſt ſet out to join the corps at Calais. I immediately recollected how I had been

been tricked by the treacherous knave, who had cajoled me in the evening, but there was no poſſibility of protecting myſelf, and I was obliged to march.

I carried a muſket for three years, and at the end of that period, having the happineſs to ſave Sir Charles from a danger which threatened his life, that worthy gentleman purchaſed my diſcharge. I went over with him to England, and becauſe of my good behaviour, he placed me about your perſon. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon for having let myſelf be drawn into the ſame path which I ſaw you entering, but it did not belong to me to remonſtrate, and I have already had the honour to tell you, that in the delirium which then poſſeſſed you, you would have taken my advice, in as bad part as did the Marquis who was more undeceived than you would have been, in regard to whores, gamblers, and more particularly phyſicians. I ſhall find no difficulty in reſolving to ſerve you faithfully, and I hope by the teſtimony which you will be enabled to give of me, added to that of your uncle, Sir Charles, I ſhall accompliſh a reconciliation with my unhappy parents, to whom I have been a cauſe of ſo much vexation.

The concluſion of poor Provence's ſtory affected me exceſſively. How! ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall

ſhall a man, who has been a ſtrolling player, a diſguiſed Abbé, a diſſolute rake and mean ſlave, retain in his heart, the precious ſeeds of what is good and worthy; while another man, who is placed in an independant rank of life, who, by his uſeful knowledge, ought to aim at the world's good opinion, prefers a vicious life without compulſion! Is it from nature that we are ſo perverſe? If we were to fix our eyes only upon one part, we ſhould daily ſee ſuch odious examples as would incline us to that opinion.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Bouillac entered the priſon. He told me that my banker would be anſwerable for all the debts which I had contracted, and that they were endeavouring to prevent my being the dupe of the knaviſh plot which was formed by Mr. Crook and Mademoiſelle **. There is another perſon likewiſe ſuſpected of having a hand in it, but after all, that is the leaſt injury which they could have done you. Bouillac, in the next place, ſpoke in the moſt delicate manner of the change in my ſtate of health, but it was in vain, for I could not prevail with myſelf to make any confeſſion upon that ſubject.

After having drawn up a ſtate of my debts and my wants, and made a compleat arrangement with Mr. G...., Bouillac and the banker carried

ried me back to my apartment in the hotel de P. R.

Aſhamed of my conduct and the ſtate of my health, I formed a very ſtrange reſolution, and ordered Provence to prepare every thing for our ſetting out to-morrow for Calais. My Lord, ſaid he, do you really propoſe going? Yes, replied I, moſt ſeriouſly; the air of this country is poiſoned, and I neither have reaſon nor reſolution to ſhun the contagion.—But, at leaſt, my Lord, you muſt take time to .... No, ſaid I haſtily, I have nothing to do here, and nothing ſhall detain me, whereas in England, I muſt endeavour to recover the eſteem of Sir Charles. By the confeſſion of my unpardonable extravagance, I may convince him of my penitence, without which life and health are nothing.

I will poſitively go, and ſwear never to ſet foot in Paris, until ſome more years over my head, I learn to ſee and act like a rational being.—I ſee, my Lord, I muſt obey, and he ſet to work immediately.

DAY THE FIFTEENTH.

Wiſe Reflections upon an imperfect Law.—My Departure.

PROVENCE had executed my orders; my trunks were packed and fixed upon my carriage, when the Chevalier Bouillac came to wait upon me. In croſſing the court, he had obſerved all theſe preparations. What does all this mean, my Lord, are you going to leave us? Muſt your real friends ſuffer for the juſt indignation with which you have been inſpired by the doubtful characters you have met? At leaſt, let me beg of you to be ſo juſt as to give yourſelf time to get acquainted with ſome others; and I dare ſay you will reſpect them.

I anſwered the Chevalier, by acquainting him with particular reaſons which made me anxious to be the firſt who ſhould give Sir Charles an account of the follies which I had committed; but I took care to mention nothing of any phyſical obſtacle to my departure, of which he might have taken the advantage to prevail with me to defer my journey.

I pleaded nothing but moral motives, and Bouillac confirmed them by ſage reflections. You will allow, my Lord, ſaid he, that it is a ſhameful offence to give up a young man ſo early in life, with all the fire of youth, and ſuſceptible to every impreſſion, entirely to his own management; I am aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo many inſtances of it, from a nation ſo underſtanding as the Engliſh. The error is ſtill greater in exciting and providing for his indiſcretion, by putting the means of perpetrating ſuch eminent follies in his power, by a law which makes him ſo ſoon of age. It is between the age of twenty-one and twenty-five, that ſo many young Engliſhmen, by being too ſoon maſters of their fortunes, deſtroy their healths, and conſume their patrimony in France; and in a manner almoſt always equally ridiculous and ſcandalous. By deferring that period till the age of twenty-five, what a number of extravagant follies would be prevented! At that time of life, the difference of one *luſtrum* makes a very great alteration in our reaſon. If a calculation was to be made of thoſe, who, by being too ſoon maſters of themſelves and fortunes, have run to ruin, we would ſee that it is to that cauſe alone almoſt all theſe misfortunes are to be aſcribed. Your Lordſhip will no doubt make a figure one day in the Britiſh ſenate, and I hope

I hope your patriotiſm will be diſtinguiſhed, by propoſing ſo uſeful a law, as ſhall put a barrier of ſome more years of maturity between youth and folly.

I was a ſtriking proof of the truth of the Chevalier's ideas, and too well convinced in my own mind, not to reaſon in the ſame manner, and from my own experience. — People in France may be diſpleaſed with me for talking ſuch language, as the bread of a number of the moſt induſtrious citizens in this capital depends upon this Engliſh frenzy. More than one œconomiſt has made a good fortune from the money circulated by them, and I have heard it aſſerted twenty times, that an Opera girl procures as much by the prodigalities which are laviſhed upon her by your young noblemen, than by the exportation of a whole manufacture. This manner of bringing Britiſh gold into France, makes no part of my ſyſtem; I own to you, my Lord, that I would rather put an end to the *Droit d'Aubaine**, and then your old men would not be afraid to come and end their days in this country. They would rather prolong their lives, by breathing the pure air of our provinces. I believe, begging pardon of the calculators of the

* The *droit d'aubaine* is a law, by which the property of foreigners, dying in France, becomes eſcheated.

Ladies aſſemblies, that they would be much greater gainers by prolonging your lives, than by hurrying you in a ſhort time to ruin; however, I hope that with ſo good a diſpoſition as yours, there will be no occaſion for the propoſed law to reſtore you to thoſe friends you leave behind in this country.

The Chevalier Bouillac then told me, it would be proper that I ſhould aſk the Count de *****, and his friend the Chevalier **, if they had any commands to England. I followed his advice with the heartieſt inclination. He returned with me, and did not leave me till I got into my carriage, when we were ſincerely affected at parting.

Provence was by my ſide, and we paſſed on as far as St. Dennis, without my having pronounced one word; however, I felt as if I drew my breath more freely the farther I got from my fatal reſidence in Paris. The bitterneſs of ſhame and repentance, gradually leſſened into a more peaceful ſentiment the greater the diſtance I got from the theatre of my follies. In ſpite of the pains of a diſorder which made me bluſh every inſtant at the cauſe, peace returned to my ſoul, and by the time that the ſound of the clocks of Paris was loſt in the ambient air, I was almoſt reſtored to my original peace of mind.

It was a fine evening, and while we were on the road, I could not help comparing the innocent joyful groups of harveſt people whom I ſaw in the country, to the crowds of idle ſaucy footmen, and even the corrupted medley of every rank with which Paris is contaminated. Ye uſeful and reſpectable people, ſaid I to myſelf,—What! ſhall worth, diligence and virtue, ſow and cultivate, that inſolent and ſlothful vice may reap and enjoy! However it may be, I would a thouſand times prefer your ills in life, and your cottages, to all the deceitful pleaſures of ſumptuous palaces! Here, at leaſt, you meet with no Doctors;—you are not tricked by a Mademoiſelle **; there is neither a Mr. *Rag*, nor a Mr. *Crook*, nor do you carry about with you the ſtinging recollection of a Mademoiſelle *****.

While I gave myſelf up to theſe reflections, I had already flown to Amiens. The night did not interrupt my journey, and I got to Calais without ſtopping; but I had no true peace of mind, that is to ſay without trouble or painful thoughts, till I arrived at Dover.

The reader has ſeen the chain and ſeries of my weakneſs and extravagance during a fortnight's reſidence in Paris; and, however my follies may have been accumulated in ſo ſhort a time,

time, he ſhould recollect at every moment, the many which my countrymen do not bluſh daily to commit. He will even find more than one who has left me far behind in the career of vice and folly. May they all make amends for their tranſgreſſions by ſincere penitence. If I can diſcover that they reliſh the inſtruction which they may find in the confeſſion I have been making, I ſhall very ſoon compleat it, by giving a recital of my ſecond tour to Paris; in which I will endeavour to ſhew, by the contraſt of all the indiſcretions I have mentioned, the unſullied delight of improving the mind, and gaining inſtruction in the ſociety of men of worth and abilities; and that virtue is as pleaſant and profitable, as vice is hateful and ridiculous.

F I N I S.

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